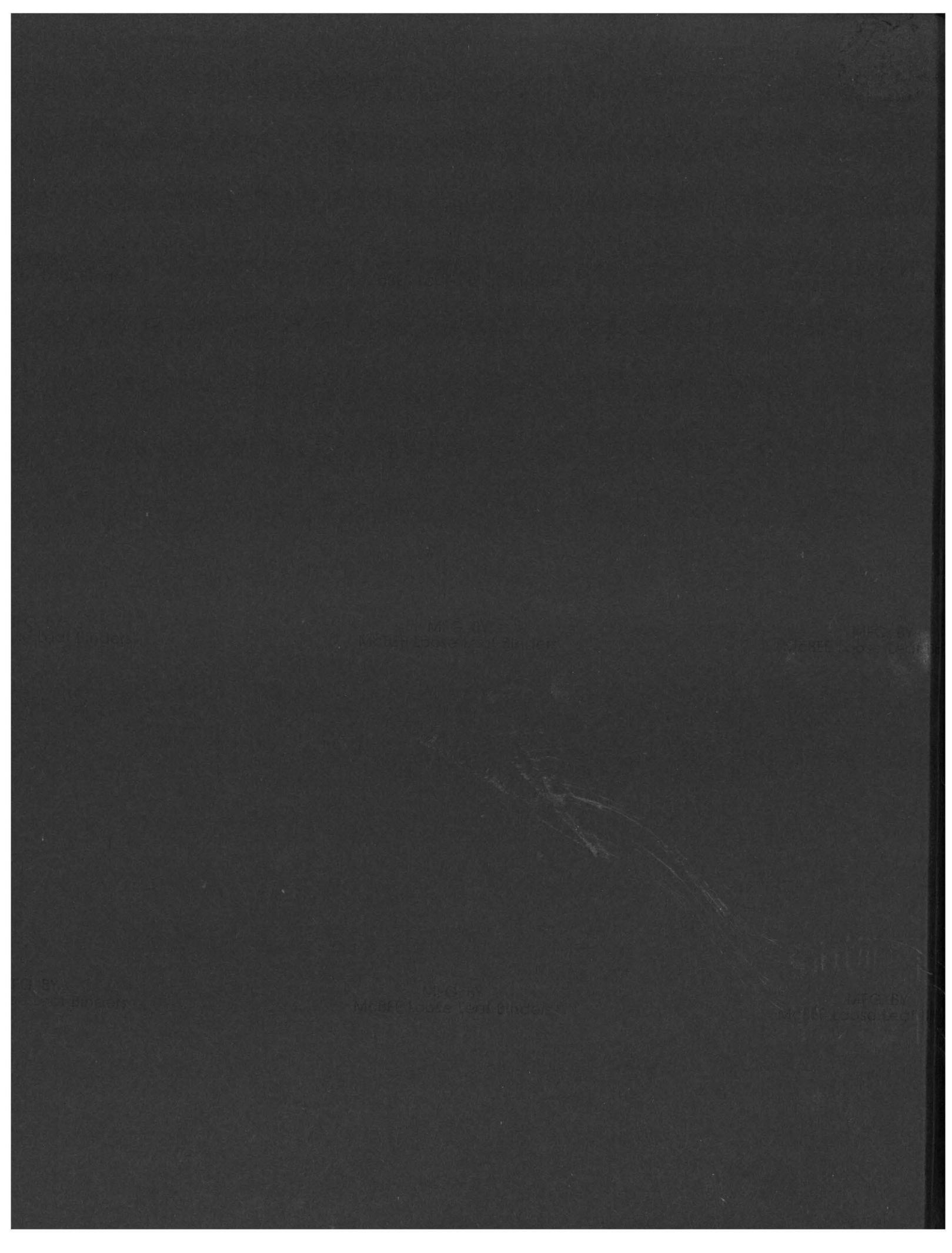
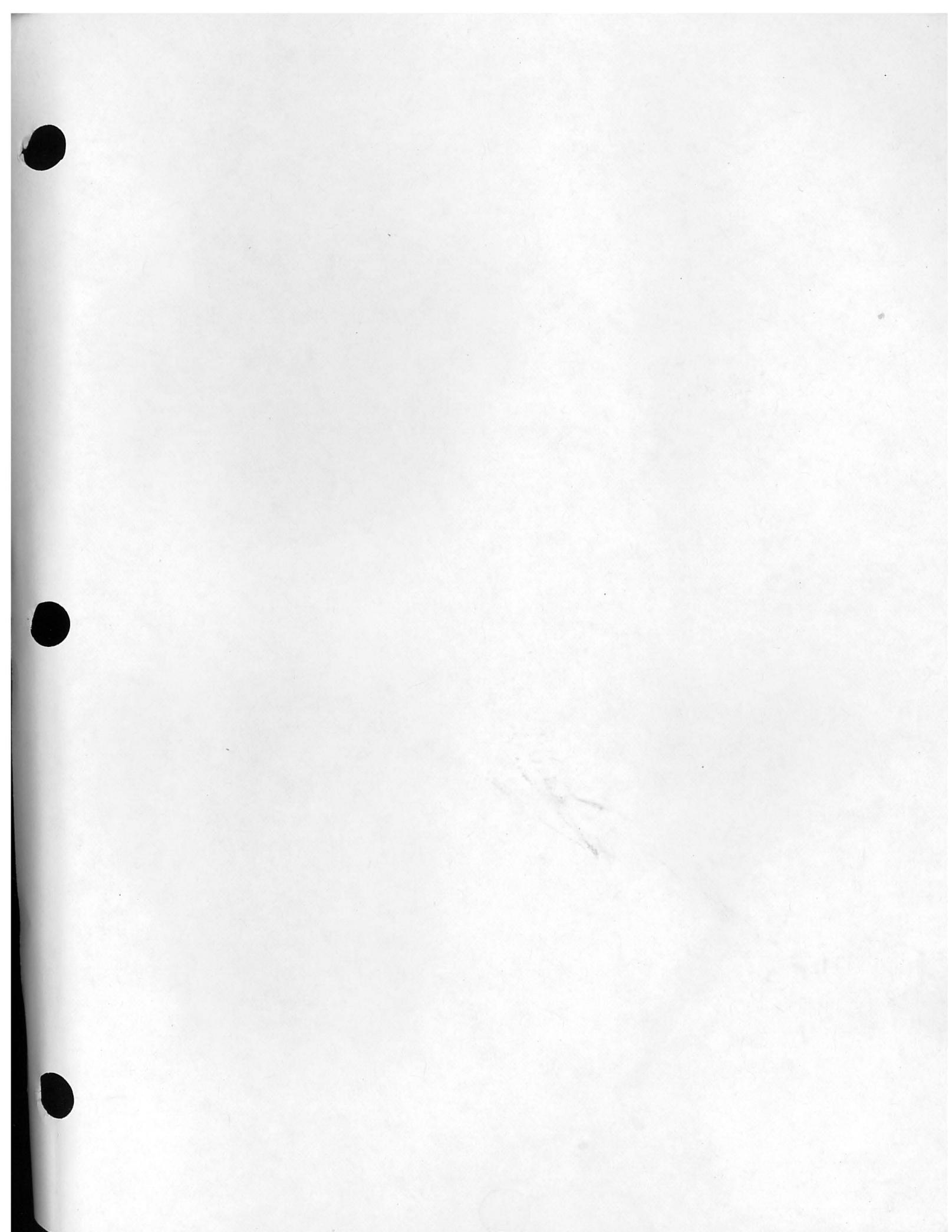


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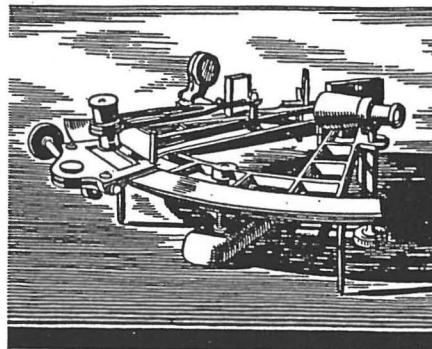




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CAPTAIN MALANOT



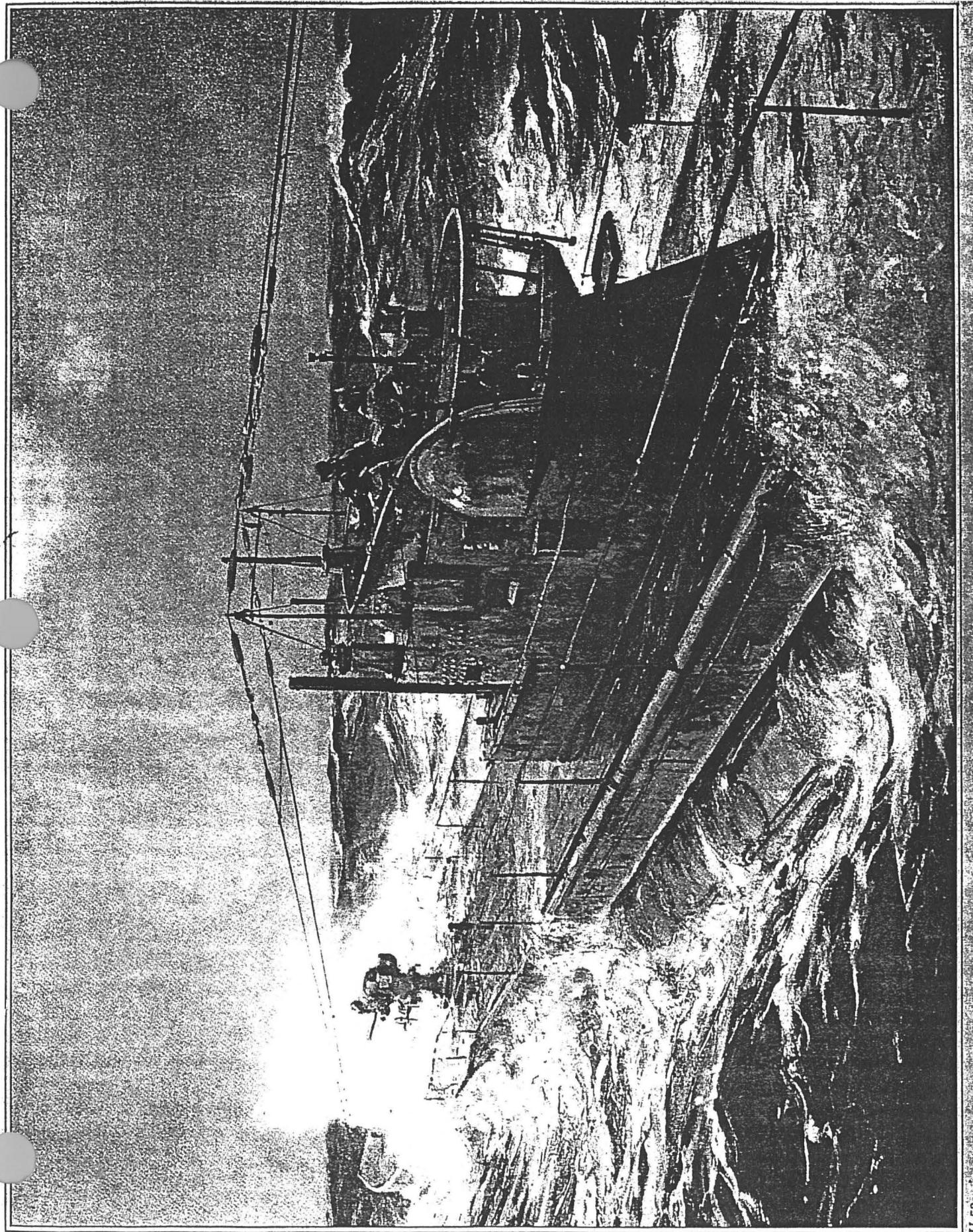
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Capt. Elmer Malanot is the aristocratic Hungarian shipmaster to whom I'm indebted for several grand years--second mate on a smart motorship north-about Australia to the edge of the Buccaneer Archipelago; second mate and then mate aboard two subsequent steamers on a multiplicity of voyages . . to Melbourne in winter . . Sydney . . through the Spice Islands . . running the delicate isles of the Nansei Shoto as we made our way to Yokohama. My shipmates were well selected and congenial. I was taught navigation in the finest of classrooms, the bridge of a moving ship threading the Great Barrier Reef (terrestrial) or striking out across the Arafura or Coral Seas (celestial). But through it all my benefactor and mentor retained a mysterious edge. A fascinating rumor attached to him that said that he had been the captain of a U-boat "on the other side" in World War I.

In between the wars Capt. Malanot commanded a smart freight and passenger liner, the CALIFORNIA, of Lloyd's Trieste line between the Mediterranean, the Panama Canal and Pacific Coast ports, with Vancouver the northern terminus and turnaround point. The vessel carried a hundred passengers. An Australian heiress (Arnott's Biscuits) traveled on the CALIFORNIA one time and managed to snag the captain. He settled down in a domestic establishment north of Sydney, apparently with some rural embellishments. He once said to me:

"Karl, can you imagine me among the chicken coops?"

Well, I couldn't. Capt. Malanot was a seafaring man, undiluted. I can picture him staring past the chicken coops at the blue and sometimes tempestuous Tasman Sea. He must have longed to get out there again, but on what excuse? His zeal for seafaring was of a type ordinarily attached to the masters of great sailing ships, although he had never served in sailing ships with the exception of an auxiliary training vessel, a steam frigate, attached to the Naval Academy at Fiume. And now he was ashore, happily married, with two lovely young daughters. Suddenly a call to duty . . as he perceived it. He had become a British citizen and when World War II broke out he offered his services to the Australian armed forces. They turned



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Captain Elmer Malanot

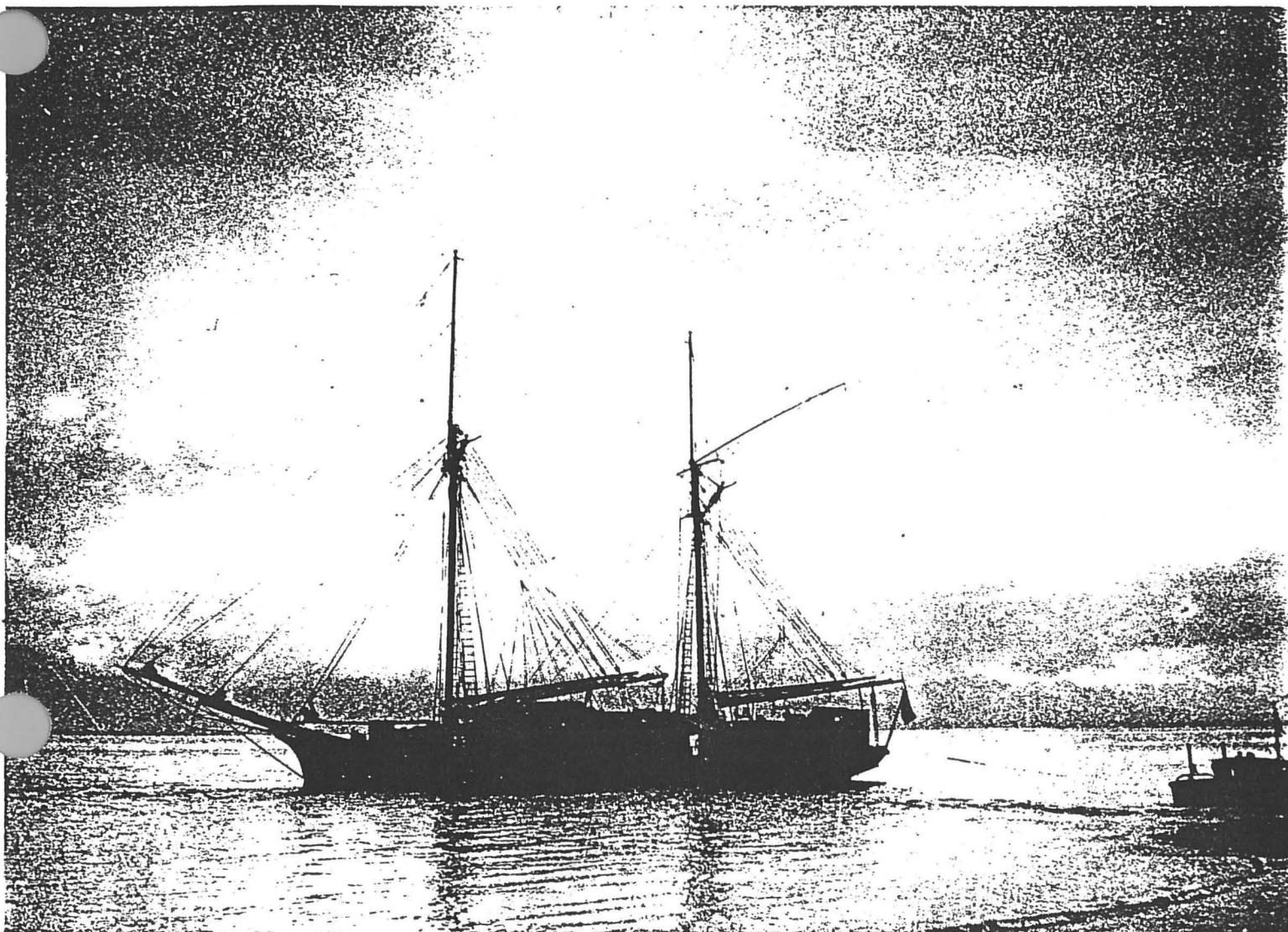
him down. The Australians have (or had) a reputation for chauvinism--extreme wariness of the other side. This holds for both World Wars; I have encountered other instances of it from Pacific seafarers. Capt. Malanot never forgave them.

But in 1942 it was not Australians alone who were preparing to defend their country against the Japanese--a force rapidly moving in their direction down through the East Indies. The large, lightly peopled continent, now a target, was a an immediate concern to the Allies after (and probably before) Pearl Harbor. The Americans sent troops and General MacArthur. But in addition they sent a cadre of experts from civilian life to organize critical aspects of the underpopulated nation. This group was known as Mission X. President Roosevelt created Mission X with an executive order signed in January of 1942. It was composed of railroad men, airline and shipping executives, agronomists, communications experts, financial wizards, and at least one personnel specialist--all hastily given direct commissions in the United States Army and in the first weeks of 1942 flown to Australia in the lumbering planes of the day.

Among the shipping people were former members of the Fahnestock expeditions. These took place aboard two schooners named DIRECTOR that made successive voyages before the war under the Fahnestock brothers, Sheridan and Bruce. The expeditions recorded primitive folk music on Pacific islands with a cable two miles long run ashore from the recording equipment on the schooner. They also collected specimens for the Museum of Natural History.

In October of 1940 the DIRECTOR II, a three-master, was wrecked on the Great Barrier Reef because her charts, being updated, were confiscated by the Australian Navy, already concerned about a Japanese invasion. In January of 1941, three months later, the Fahnestock brothers met with President Franklin D. Roosevelt, a lifelong patron of the Museum of Natural History, to discuss the results of their expedition. The following month Bruce and Sheridan traveled to Sourabaya, chartered a sailboat, and traveled through Southeast Asia for ten months, recording the music of Bali, Java, Madura, and the Kangean Islands. Years later it was revealed that their trip was an intelligence gathering mission funded by the American government and initiated at the request of the president. At the White House meeting, Roosevelt had asked them to evaluate Javanese defense facilities, to assess the usefulness of small watercraft in Pacific Islands combat, and to ensure that United States defense funds allocated to Southeast Asia were properly spent.

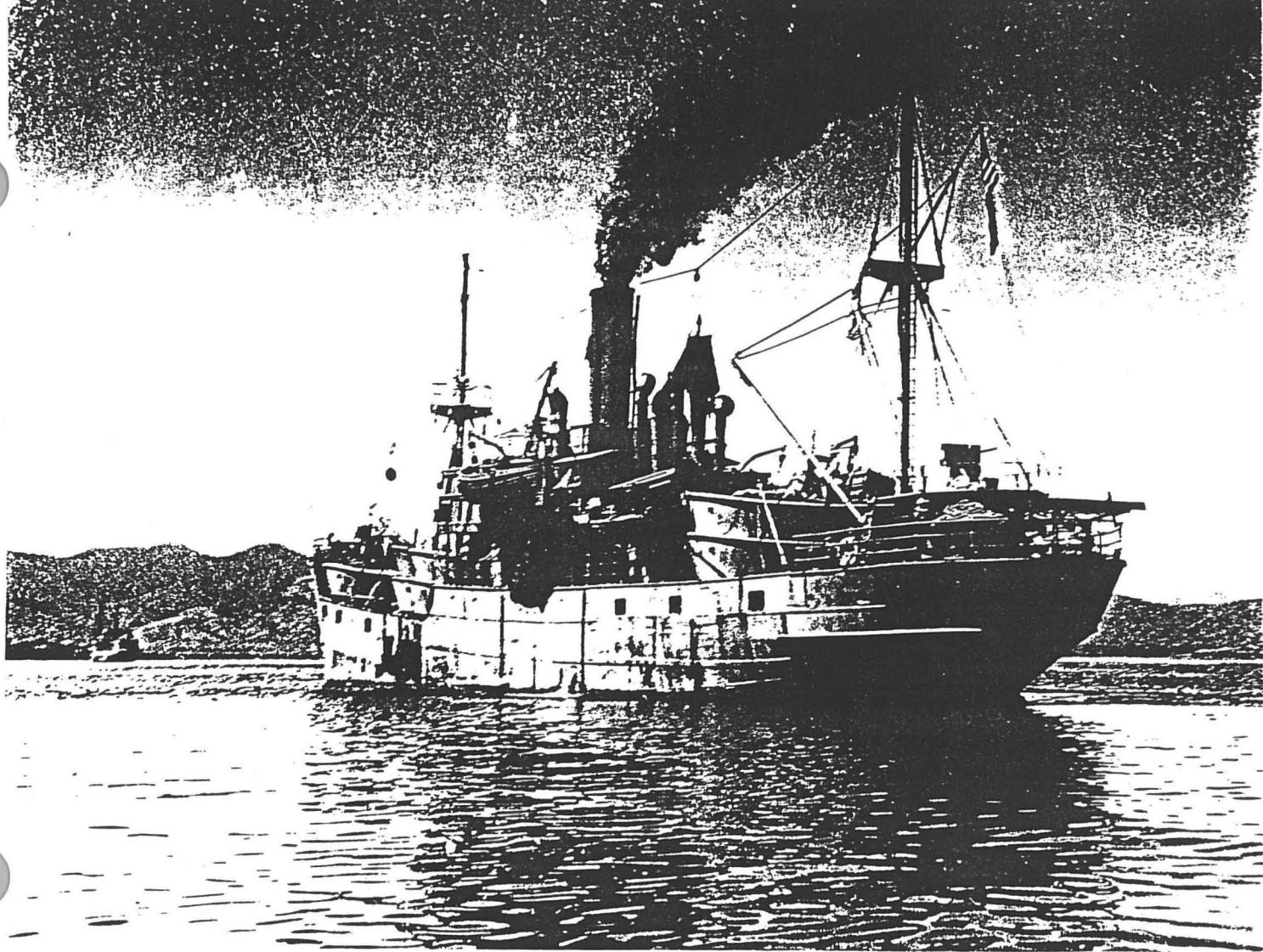
Pearl Harbor . . war . . and just a year after their meeting with the president, the Fahnestocks found themselves on the way to Australia with several shipmates from the DIRECTOR crews--they had been selected as part of Mission X. On arrival the brothers and Dawson Glover, Phil Farley, Ladislaw Reday and Bob Wilson organized something called the Small Ships Section of the Army Transportation Corps. The building of landing craft and supply vessels had not yet got underway in the States and so they scooped up everything in sight -- a good number of trawlers, an array of small coasting steamers of great picturesqueness, odds and ends of motor vessels in a variety of sizes; sailing ketches, engine equipped, from Spencer Gulf; a couple of three-masted schooners, one wood, one steel (on both of which I briefly served); the native scow-built ketches of New Zealand, shallow draft and handy to land military cargo up the New Guinea rivers; a paddle wheel steamer that had been made into a sugar lighter on the coast of Queensland and now was fitted with a screw and powered with a diesel; unclassifiable small fry of all sorts; as well as two Cape Horn square-riggers, MUSCOOTA and my old KAIULANI, now sadly made into coal hulks.



Radio ketch HERALD, Milne Bay. Bill Bartz of the KAIULANI crew, who flew up to New Guinea with me in 1943 (he was to be commissioned in the Quartermaster Corps) decided that he didn't like the army and joined the HERALD for a while. It was as close as he could get to the sailing ship life. But the HERALD was a secret communications ship and didn't go anywhere.

Milne Bay was increasingly full of Liberty ships and Bill joined one, running back and forth to Australia, where he planned to settle after the war. But the Liberty was peremptorily ordered to the United States and so Bill's life took a new turn in a different direction.

K.K. photograph



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The vessels in the Small Ships Section, some 180 in all, ranged from trawlers to small steamers like the MAIWARAH, seen anchored in Milne Bay. The motorship DESIKOKO, in the distance, is another unit of the fleet.

K.K. photograph, 1943

They not only ransacked West Australia, South Australia, Tasmania, Victoria, New South Wales and Queensland, but crossed the Tasman Sea to see what they could pick up in New Zealand. This spectacular accumulation was overhauled, manned with civilian seafaring men, painted green to blend with the jungle, and sent north. In the end it amounted to some 180⁷⁵ craft. Its purpose was to support General MacArthur's push along the north coast of New Guinea to roll back the Japs.

Laddie Reday in recent years sent me one of the few accounts in print that touch on all this. It is by a writer named Walter Davenport and appeared in Collier's in July of 1945:

Then there's that pestilential waste called Gili Gili (sometimes Gilli Gilli - KK) on the shores of Milne Bay. The medical men say that it was the world's worst malarial sink.

Jeeps and ponderous command cars disappeared in that muck . . Yet a supply base was built upon it, malaria and jungle rot were banished, the jungle that hid it was sliced back.

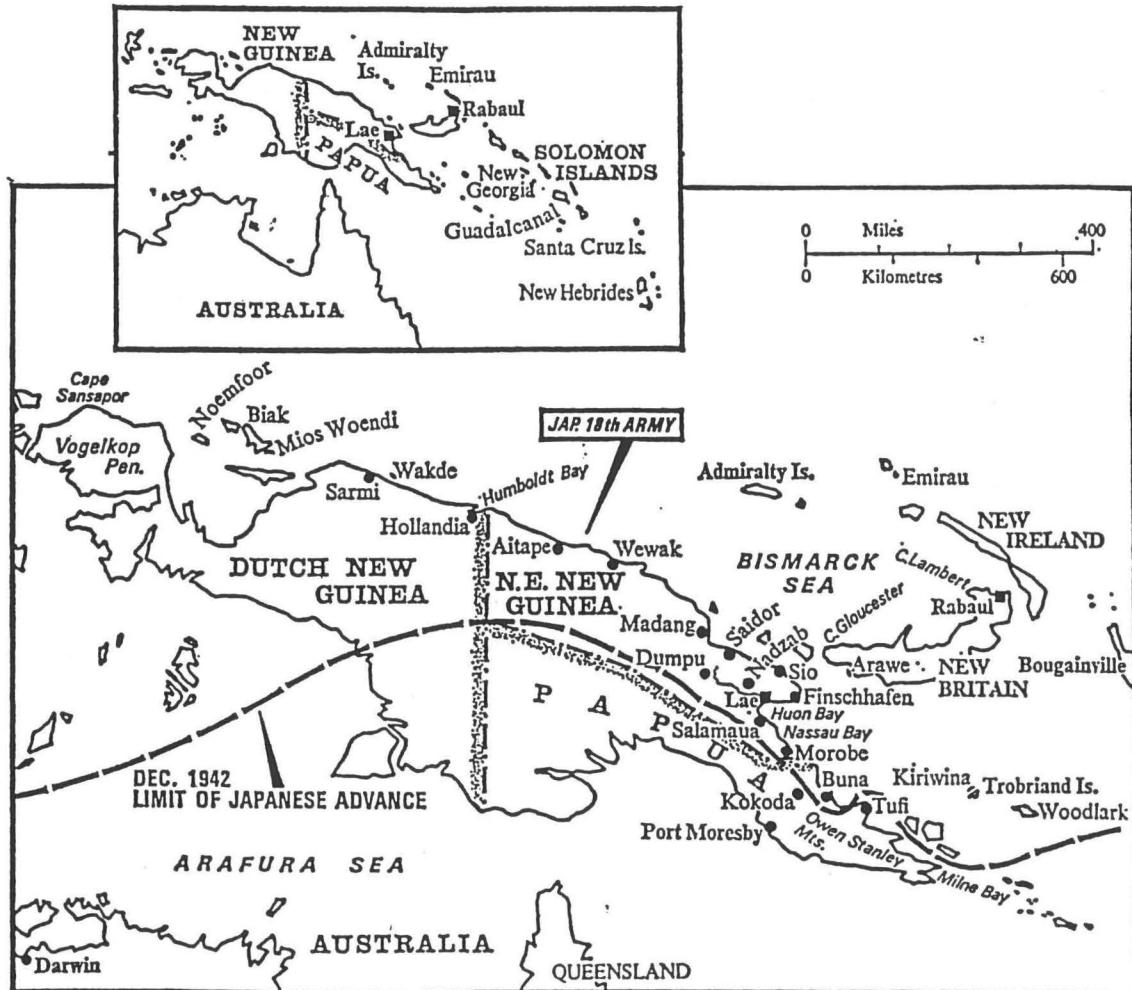
Its air strip was completed in late summer, 1942. The Japs still roamed the Owen Stanleys. Four and five times a week they'd swoop down to raid, destroy, kill. They'd watch from the mountain ledges, jeer by radio at the soft-handed Yanks who were laboring to build piers as well as air strips: "Hurry up, damyankees, hurry up! Hurry, hurry, you silly bastards! We are impatient. We want the fun of killing you. We shan't hurt your air strip. We can use that!"

Then came the morning when six or eight hundred Japs came down to seize the north side of the air strip. The Yanks were on the south side--engineers mostly and labor troops--black and white--waiting behind machine guns. Up at the far end of the strip, backed into the bush, were three massive bulldozers with their crews flat on their bellies beneath them, their shoulders braced against .50 caliber machine guns. In command of the engineers on the south side was a kid captain whose name, alas, no one recalls. Hastily he wrote a note to his commanding officer over on the water front: "We hold the south side of the strip. The Japs hold the north side. I can see no amicable solution."

The runner carrying that message was scarcely out of sight before the Japs made their banzai charge, screaming like demented men. From the machine guns beneath the bulldozers and from the engineers on the south side, a fire that nothing could survive poured into the Jap waves. No one seems to remember how many Japs were piled up in the middle of that unfinished air strip. Some say four hundred. Some say six hundred. It doesn't matter. The banzai charge never got south of the middle of the strip. The smoke and the dust and the odor of blood were still fresh when the bulldozers rolled out of the bush and began heaping stone and coral, mud and gravel for the air strip.



Small Ships Section ketch, WILL WATCH



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(K.K. This was the air strip where I landed in New Guinea in a DC-3 in January of 1943. I was met by Lt. Dawson Glover who had greeted the KAIULANI when we tied up at Prince's Pier in the crisp wintry air of Hobart, far, far to the south. Only now he had forsaken the illegal Sam Browne belt he wore then and, sweaty, was behind the wheel of a jeep. It was the first one I ever saw.)

We dig into the files in Big Jim Frink's office in Tolosa on Leyte in the Phillipines. Major General Jim Frink, a big, baldish, graying man, an indefatigable man with huge hands, a gruff voice, is in command of the Service of Supply for Douglas MacArthur's Southwest Pacific Area. They call his command USASOS (pronounced You-sosis).

We want to know how many million tons of supplies were landed in New Guinea since Port Moresby in 1942. We fool around until we have enough to guess with--say 50,000,000 tons--but we don't guarantee the figure. Jim Frink's headquarters have been constantly on the run and the records have suffered. He's forever trying to catch up with GHQ and never quite making it. Washington will have to furnish the reliable figure...

Perhaps five million tons remain to be moved when there are ships to move them and places to move them to. Perhaps two million tons more will never be moved, left to be swallowed by the jungle and the mud. Once we withdraw all our maintenance troops, leaving New Guinea to her guardians, the Australians and the Dutch, it won't take long for the white Yankee roads to collapse, for the hard Yankee airstrips to surrender to the bush and scrub. New Guinea will again be New Guinea with only monuments of junk and scrap, dumps of dead ammunition...

The dramatic tale begins in 1942 at Moresby. The Japs were on the Kokoda trail coming south. The Japs were in the Coral Sea coming north. From Port Moresby, if they could win it, the enemy could control the skies over northern Australia, preparatory to an invasion. They struck at Tulagi in the Solomons at the same time, a base from which they could interdict any rescue effort from the United States. But Australian forces, and some American, stopped the Japs on the trail over the Owen Stanley range (the backbone of New Guinea) twenty five miles from Moresby. And an American fleet scattered the Jap invading fleet and sank the Jap transports. The battle of the Coral Sea, May 4-8, 1942, took the form of several engagements about 700 miles northeast of Townsville, Australia. Both sides lost an aircraft carrier. But Port Moresby was saved.

A deadly shore fight began in August of 1943 on the foul shores of Milne Bay at the far west tip of New Guinea. As at Melbourne, Sydney and Brisbane, there had been docks--of a sort perhaps, but docks--at Moresby. But beginning at Milne at the end of New Guinea's tail, the jungle started on the beach. There was a sagging copra and cocoanut oil dock to which tiny tramp steamers had moored, but that's all. A few officers landed on Milne's beach, raised a tent, got out their orders, their ledgers, their pencils, and waited for troops and supplies to come. Engineers, bent on

staking out what was to be a supply base, started inland in jeeps. . . . Presently, after days of slogging through the morass, they arrived at the native village of Ioma, sixteen miles from Gili Gili where they'd landed. This would be base headquarters. Palm trees were felled to sink into the mud, and more were felled to rest on them. The bulldozers, churning down the narrow ribbon of sand that was the seashore, found hard sand and soft limestone. They began their terrific job of shoving earth and rock across the felled trees, now four and five layers deep and still sinking. Ships were coming, big ships with ten and fifteen thousand tons of supplies in each.

So deep is the Milne harbor that here and there they could turn and poke their sterns in as close at twenty-five feet from the shore. There were no landing craft as we know these marvels today, no LCIs, no LSTs, no LCMs, none of the trig little FS ships that are so common now. Remember, this was January, 1943, and America was still organizing itself for the war she had to fight whether she was ready or not.

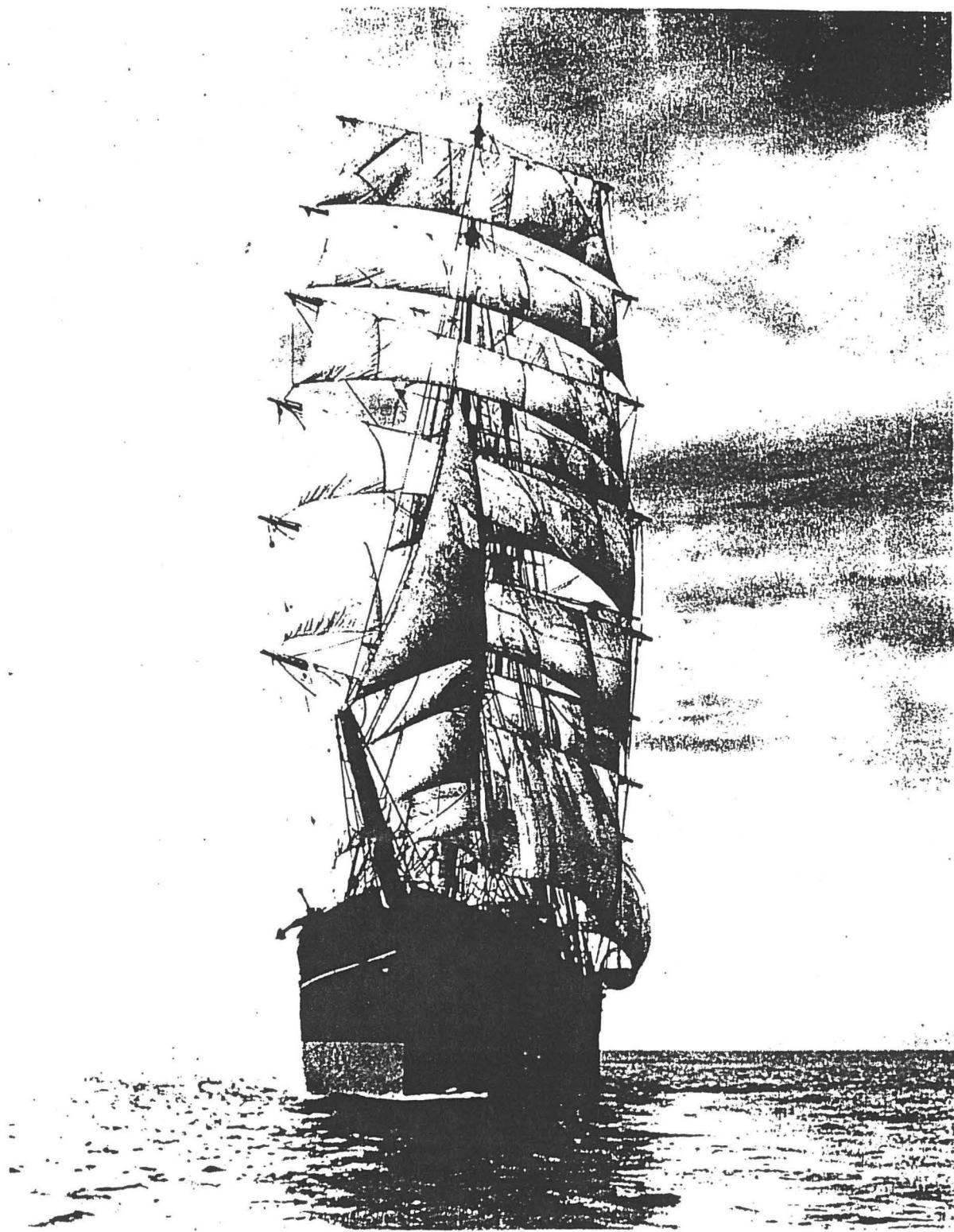
What we used for transport from Australia and for landing craft are the characters in a story all by itself, an incredible story, an absurd story. Down in Melbourne was Brigadier General Thomas A. Wilson, who had left his desk as chairman of TWA in the States. He had such citizen soldiers around him as Colonel (now Brigadier General) J. K. Johnson, vice-president of the Erie Railroad; Colonel Melville McKinstry, general manager of the Alaska Steamship Company; and Colonel Thomas F. Ryan, president of the Mid-Continental Airlines. They had the permission of the Australian government to commandeer ships--any ships, all ships.

The Small Ships Section raided shipyards from Cape York to Adelaide. They scouted the bays and coves of New Zealand from Auckland to Dunedin and didn't overlook Tasmania. . . . So the small boats came crazily to the rescue. From Milne to Lae and Oro Bay, they filtered through the reefs that had never been charted. They poked their noses into jungle shores that held them there and sometimes never let them go. But food, ammunition, tractors, bulldozers, guns and hospitals were dragged ashore and somehow set up. Out of a jungle that had never yet lost a battle to mankind, the base at Milne was built. Its purpose was to muster the forces needed to drive the Japs out of the north coast of New Guinea. On that side of the great island they were still strongly entrenched.

The fishing trawlers, forty-five to sixty feet long, then plowed their reef strewn way up the coast to the action, on board as many as a hundred and twenty-five men with all their battle equipment. To Tufi, Buna, Salamaua and Lae--kids only recently drafted from the jerk side of soda fountains, from schoolrooms, from department stores, from farms. They arrived half drowned, unutterably weary, to prove that old Clausewitz was right, that wars are won by tired men.

Ferryboats that had never been out of the harbors of Sydney and

Bark KAIULANI, built Bath, Maine, 1899.





Sydney, October, 1942

Square-rigger hands on historic
Circular Quay again.

Tom Soules, Karl Kortum, Paul
Soules.





Hansom cab, Sydney.

K.K. photograph, 1942

Melbourne were somehow built up to go to sea and carry octane gas to the new bases. There was the BINGARRA and the KOONDOOLOO, and the stories of their crazy voyages from Australia to New Guinea have no rival in fiction.

Today we all sit around New Guinea bases and listen to bizarre tales of the schooner EVA strafed by a Jap fighter plane until the cook, a guy named Pine, got mad, rushed to the only gun the EVA carried--a .50 caliber machine gun--and with one burst shot the Jap down. Then he went back to his galley cursing all men and complaining to his skipper that he just couldn't be running from his galley to the machine gun all the time and would somebody please do something.

There was that Aussie skipper named Cruickshank, who, told to take his ship into Morobe, between Oro Bay and Lae, asked for a chart. But those waters had never been charted. Okay, Cruickshank would chart them. Somehow he got through the reefs, making soundings and charting reefs and narrow channels as he went. He got to shore sinking but victorious, and the Japs killed him as he landed.

The bark KAIULANI, the last Yankee square-rigger still keeping the seas, stumbled into all this--the war in the Southwest Pacific--from the opposite direction to the arrival of Mission X. We came from Africa and could well have conked Lt. Dawson Glover (looking smart in his against-regulations Sam Browne belt) with our heaving line--weighted with an iron nut--as we tied up at Prince's Wharf, Hobart, Tasmania. Hobart was a port-of-refuge; a radio broadcast had reported that our destination, Sydney, was under attack by Japanese midget submarines. After a spell (and a Hobart episode which saw the crew incarcerated in His Majesty's Gaol, a hoary relic from the year 1831, built as part of the system for the transportation of British convicts to Australia . . . we were in for a dockside mutiny) Glover made up his mind--or maybe it was a decision from headquarters--to buy the KAIULANI for Small Ships. The Army would install an engine when she got to Sydney. With her purchase, the crew, by this time released from gaol, young Americans plainly interested in seafaring, were all offered direct commissions in the United States Army if we joined Small Ships.

The best ship in that organization I learned later was the motorship LORINNA, 1100 tons, recently built in Scotland for the Tasmanian timber trade. It was here in Hobart that I first encountered her in that summer of 1942. She was tied up ahead of us at Prince's Wharf. I remember that I went aboard the LORINNA one evening; she was still carrying lumber to Melbourne as one of Wm. Holyman & Sons, Pty. Ltd.'s. vessels and had not yet joined the U.S. forces. Her master was Capt. Bull, brother of another Capt. Bull who climbed the masts of KAIULANI with me and filled the pages of his notebook when our crew invoked a survey of the bark's worn-out rigging.

It must have been about this time that, up in Sydney, another shipmaster who would be memorably conjoined with the LORINNA was offering his services again. But this time to the Americans. Unlike the Australian military, they snapped Malanot up. At first he commanded a trawler in landings under fire in New Guinea. Before 1943 was over he was chief mate on the LORINNA. During a Japanese attack by a hundred planes on Port Moresby, Malanot found that the captain and crew had deserted the ship because she was loaded with ammunition. With two other men he boarded her; they cut the shore fasts, got the vessel out of the harbor and steered a zigzag course while the Japanese straddled her with bombs. The bombers missed and Capt. Malanot was given command.

As such I first met him, master of the LORINNA, in Wagga Wagga, a Small Ships base in long, mountain rimmed, deep and beautiful Milne Bay which marks the eastern tip of the great island of New Guinea. I have heard that it is the largest island in the world. It lies north of Australia and squarely across the Japanese route of advance. Major Gordon B. Evans, the man who had come down to Australia as Mission X's expert on personnel (he had charge of the southeastern United States for the W.P.A.), picked me to fly to New Guinea as his assistant in Small Ships. I was going to be given a direct commission in the United States Army, but this never came about because of delays in putting through a waiver for my less than perfect eyesight. Washington, by the time it arrived, had eliminated all direct commissions. As fate would have it, if I had become a second lieutenant I would not have become a second mate; my preference is not hard to figure out.

Major Evans went back to Sydney at one point and left me in charge; I lived in a camp of seafaring men on the edge of the bay beneath cocoanut palms. (There were shore people as well, such as riggers, carpenters, and machinists.) I largely presided over the destiny of these people from a thatch-roof, open sided office, at first in Gilli Gilli and then across Milne Bay in Wagga Wagga. One of them told me, "You've got more power than a general." They were mostly Australians although other nationalities on the beach in Sydney signed up. The camp was replenished by frequent drafts brought up by plane as the contracts, of six months duration, ran out. In the full of the moon we were regularly under Japanese attack.

Captain Malanot was one of my best customers; that is, he cared about the kind of people who made up LORINNA'S crew. When he came into the personnel office he enlisted my help in getting him the right man. "Karl, Old Charlie is about at the end of his contract. Can you save a good A.B. for me next time I am in port?" That kind of thing. Not just, "I'll be needing a new A.B." He was equally careful with other members of his crew, particularly chief engineers, whom he treated as an equal in the ship's hierarchy. In a 1975 letter to a Professor Emeritus at Stanford University who had written a book, "The Imperial and Royal Austro-Hungarian Navy," I described Capt. Malanot as follows (the letter was an unsuccessful attempt to get a line on the submarine part of the Malanot career):

"He was a gentleman of great style, "aristocratic" would be a good word to describe him except that it seems to preclude his graciousness and sense

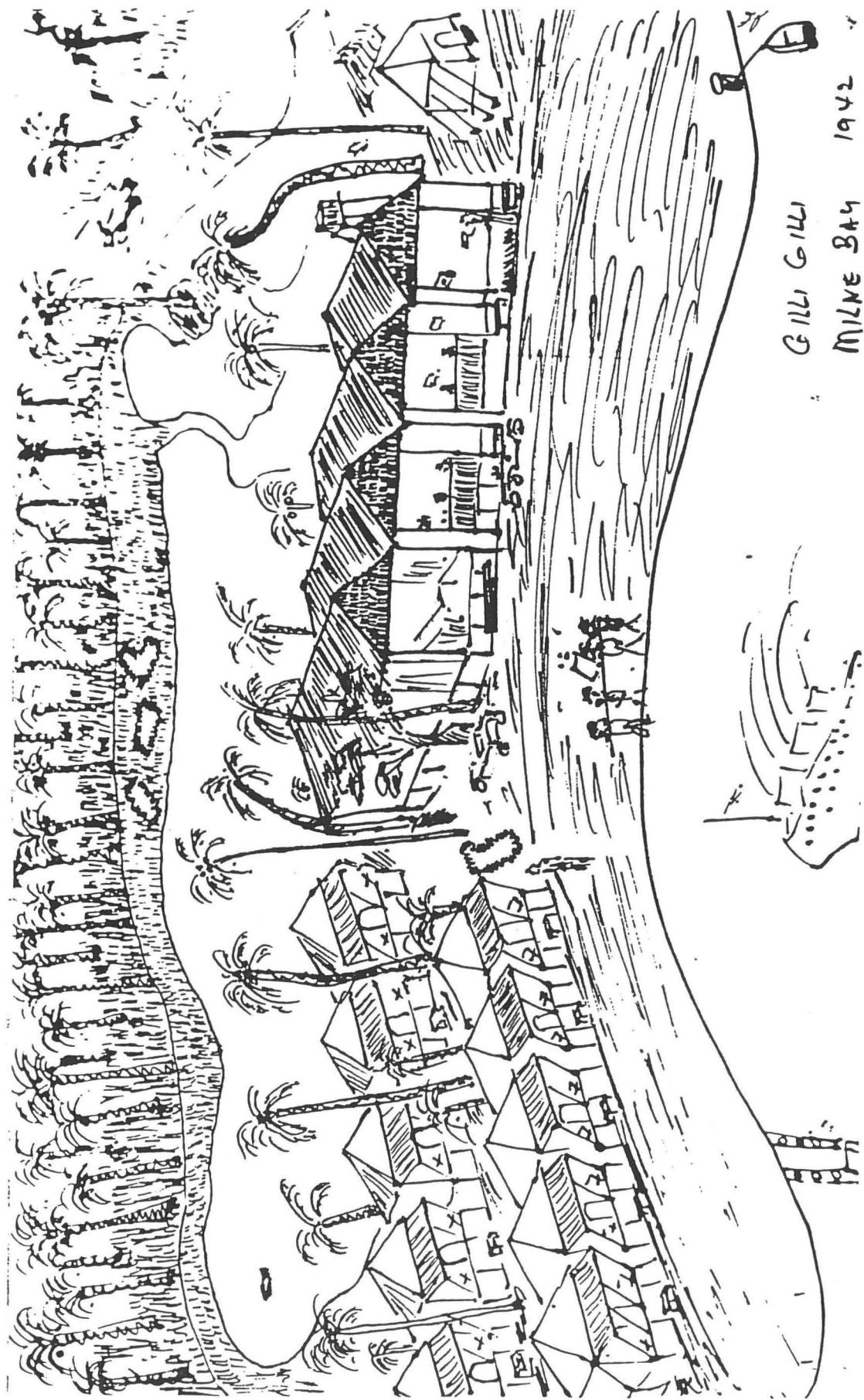
of humor. He kept a keen eye on his crew--they were individuals to him, and a little group (in which I was fortunate to be numbered) was taken from ship to ship. He was a civilian captain working for the U.S. Army and he had a reputation as a trouble shooter, a man who could take over a troubled vessel and straighten it out. We went with him--chief engineer, maybe a first assistant, chief mate, chief steward, carpenter, sometimes an A.B.

"Capt. Malanot was a good politician and we were always being shifted to a larger vessel. He relished ship handling, seamanship, the operation of a vessel--I saw some magnificent seamanship while serving with him. He loved being back at sea. All navigation was done from "monkey island"--that's where the watch keeping officer stayed. Not cloistered in the wheel house. We had a special chart table up there with a folding hood so that bearings could be taken through the full 360 degrees and there was no reason to leave that point of vantage.

"Although the Army would have routinely supplied a Torres Strait Pilot to the LORINNA to enable the vessel to run the length of the Great Barrier Reef along the coast of Queensland, Capt. Malanot would have none of it. On our first voyage, although he had never been through that tortuous passage before, he considered it a challenge and was night and day on monkey island for almost four days taking her through."

On this traverse and past Bligh's Thursday Island (named during the voyage of the BOUNTY'S launch) towards Darwin and beyond into the Timor Sea--everywhere we traveled--I was given, as mentioned, an intensive (I could use the word "crash" except that it does not describe the Old Man's style) course in navigation. It used the latest tables, stripped down, in a no nonsense fashion. Additionally, Capt. Malanot had all sorts of "wrinkles" that he had accumulated to make finding the ship's position quicker. We were on the coast, amongst the reefs, swinging the azimuth prism, then turned to sextant and chronometer as we left the sight of land. I took to it like a duck to water; I soon learned all fifty-six navigational stars in the Nautical Almanac and as a matter of course crossed a daytime position line derived from Venus with a cross bearing on an island. After the war Capt. Malanot told my father that I was the best navigator that he ever encountered.

At the same time, in those first voyages, the captain had to use a few Austro-Hungarian naval academy techniques to scale me down to size in my position as second mate. (For as second mate I joined the LORINNA as shall be told.) I figured one time that I had put about 1,800 men into jobs as captains, chief engineers, mates, bosuns, able seamen, not to mention shore positions; assembling ship's crews was my specialty and pleasure for fourteen months, first at Gilli Gilli and then at Wagga Wagga. We had some splendid old British Board of Trade certificate shipmasters and Board of Trade engineers who had come out of retirement and under them I tried to assemble able and compatible personnel. Or, in contrast, the right four men for a trawler. Ketch men to the ketches. I knew everybody in the outfit and was reminded by the captain in the officer's mess aboard



GILI GILI
MILNE BAY

1942

LORINNA, where perhaps I was getting a little perky, that this omniscience might be valuable in a second officer but it did not have to be expressed.

I had jumped from the fo'c'sle of a windjammer to the navigating officer's position on a motorship and I found that I was on duty a total of eight hours and off for sixteen. Glory be! I like to sleep. On the sailing ship it was watch and watch, three fours and two sixes, and your longest stretch in the bunk was a little better than five hours. Here . . but it didn't last long.

"Mr. Kortum. When I appointed you second mate I offered to teach you navigation. I will do that, but it will be in your own time. I suggest that tomorrow morning you appear on the bridge right after breakfast."

* * * * *



On the bridge, SAN ANTONIO - "a twinkling, sardonic European."

Dear Folks:

I have put my name to a sea contract and you will have a peripatetic correspondent hereafter. The ship is fast and modern and will certainly outdistance mailbags . . . There may be delays of as much as a month at times, otherwise I hope to fluke a letter in the various ports.

So I sit here at a neat little desk with the electric light glowing on the portable typewriter. The steward has just brought me a beef sandwich to gloss the absence of the two cooks who are having a last fling ashore. This afternoon I had, for me, an ovation when one of the able seamen came through with an "aye, aye, sir"--he was an old sailing ship hand of course. The reason, the explanation of my desk and a cabin bigger than a recent hotel room, is that I have joined the ship as second mate. Happy day! There is no finer ship in the fleet; it is the vessel that I have had in mind for half a year now, and now that it is come about I ship as second instead of third.

Towards the end of last summer (at Milne Bay, New Guinea, a favorite entrepot for the type) I had a friend ship out on a Liberty as ship's carpenter. A letter came in due time enthusiastic about his roving life and good wages. To me in my shore job it sounded great. As it happened Capt. Malanot was in that afternoon to see about crew changes. In the course of the conversation I told him that I was keen to get to sea again and was going to look around for a Liberty.

"But why ship as carpenter?" he asked.

"It's a job I can handle; I've done that kind of work before and like it," was my answer.

"Well, you come along with me. With your windjammer experience there is no reason you can't sail as third mate now and maybe second later."

So the plan was laid but it has taken this long to come to fruition, a worthwhile wait; she is far snugger than the big Liberty ships.

Arriving down (in Sydney) on leave and seeing the major (Evans) again I explained my plans. He wanted me to continue in Personnel, interviewing and hiring men in the city here. I pointed out that would mean wearing a tie and coming to work at eight o'clock every morning, something substandard to even my adolescent ideals back on the chicken ranch. The office (a grass shack) up north had been tolerable because I was so seldom in it, preferring to do my personnel work in the field down on the docks.

Anyway, I had only come off the ships in the first place because of a promise of a lieutenancy--now that this commission was steam rollered by this new army regulation I was down to the sea again.

This conversation took place in a staff car and with the major was the colonel (Legg) who had handled the several KAIULANI commissions at this end. He interrupted here to say that the bad timing in handling my completed papers was nothing less than a raw deal and that he had made a few enemies in the Army pointing it out.

They then started to mull over the possibilities of the Coast Guard service for me as an ensign. I pointed out that I was obliged to them and perhaps in the future it would be a possibility, but now I wanted to sink my teeth into a job with cargo derricks. I had a lot of learning to do and Capt. Malanot was ready to instruct. At any rate, once it was plain that what I really wanted to do now was to go aboard ship the major saw that it came about.

* * * * *

(M.V. LORINNA, Sydney) May 3, 1944

Letter to Jack Eatherton, Petaluma, 1944

I think I wrote you before that we have a good many New Zealanders in this organization and I find them a good class of bloke. Maybe the Tasman Sea crossing weeded out the bums; but a more likely answer is that almost the lot of them are out of the schooner and ketch rigged scows along the island coasts.

I have had an argument or two upholding the San Francisco bay scows over their straight sheer models. Both seem to have the barndoors rudder, but there is a queer tuck in their bow construction.

An A.B. was telling me how he, being literate, read a letter for another fo'c'sle hand--this was just after the last war. It was from Von Luckner and enclosed a check for wages covering the period that he commanded the log scow MOA in his attempt at escape. The illiterate hand had been one of her crew when the Count arrived alongside in a motor launch (stolen) brandishing a wooden pistol, and had served under duress until scow, Count, and crew were captured.

One of our scows, which I have crewed more than once, was built last century using in part the hardwood timbers of an old British man o' war, a steam sloop I think. My particular delight was manning the fore and afters in the fleet with the pick of the pool--steamers got the rag, tag & bobtail: i.e., Sydney taxi drivers for A.B.s and shearer's cooks for chief stewards.

"The ketch men appreciate that they've got somebody looking after them here in the office."

This touching tribute from Alex McKay, mate, being evacuated for fever, was one of the few kind words that came my way as a personnel man.

Fourteen months was time enough at it. I think I got a pretty good sample of all kinds of minor mutiny, promotion devices, and on the other hand, loyalty and good service. I worked as a kind of an executive officer to a major (Gordon Evans), a lieutenant (Tod Crone), and a warrant officer--the one succeeded the other. None of them knew a hawse pipe from a sea cock so the actual work was in my hands.

By personal interview I found out what the man's background was and the clerks drew up a file card. The procedure from Foreign Going Extra Masters to coal

trimmers. Next he was placed aboard ship and I put an ear to the ground to get the reactions of the crew, of the Operations Officer, Repair Officer, etc. Waterfront gossip was invaluable. In this way a mental catalogue of the less tangible phases of the officer or man's character: how he reacted to discipline, the quality of his navigation, of his seamanship, how he got along with his shipmates, his reaction to enemy action, etc. So that when the time came for a promotion I knew where to select a man less from his file card record than from first hand accounts. Conversely, if a squabble aboard a ship had to be settled I usually knew the sea lawyers by the reputations they had made.

As you can imagine this work was most interesting. Similar to my questioning of old shellbacks on the Sausalito waterfront but no longer on an amateur basis. There was only one drawback: nominally I was working under a Personnel Officer and I wanted to be on my own. They were all good eggs, particularly the major, but my seafaring outlook occasionally led to disagreements. For instance, during the lieutenant's administration I had to wait until he had gone for a visit to another base to carry out my ideas to the letter--I had fired eight engineers by the time he got back.

So a commission as a second lieutenant was arranged for me and I went winging around New Guinea in Douglas transports to face the examining board. Everything was set and I was only awaiting the final processing of the papers when a bombshell from Washington, D.C. burst on the scene. As of July 27 no more direct commissions. I missed it by roughly a week, was regretful at the time because I would have had a separate base to look after. But it doesn't break my heart to get back to sea again.

One result from fourteen months in Personnel was an acquaintance with a couple of thousand seafaring men. I went down on leave recently and found that every pub and every street of the various Australian ports produced someone of my ken. So there was much elbow bending at the Lord Nelson, Hero of Waterloo, Fortunes of War, Cutty Sark and ye old Shipwright's Arms. But one lad I couldn't toast and that was Jim Walpole. You remember Jim of the tomato salads in the bark's messroom. (Jim was the first man to join the KAIULANI outfitting in Alameda in the spring of 1941; Chick Eatherton worked by her for a week at that time.)

Jim got in under the deadline I missed and is a second lieutenant in New Construction Branch of the Army Transportation Corps. A week before I arrived down in Sydney he was transferred to Auckland, New Zealand, so don't fail to look him up if you hit that port again. Or if you touch this coast look about for the jungle green Small Ships and inquire aboard for yours truly. If any of our old hands are in the crew they will have some idea where I am. Failing that try the Personnel Officers in the different ports.

But all that is the mellow past. The future is of far more interest; that and the very happy present. Because underfoot is the sweetest Scots built motorship you ever saw and the kid climbed over the rail, kangaroo bag in hand, this type-writer in the

other, as second mate. And has been on his toes ever since.

"Discipline, discipline, DISCIPLINE! (The Old Man hammers fist into open hand.) "This is not a brothel we keep here. Ashore I want the last greaser to call me by my first name, but on board I haven't a friend unless it is the chief engineer. These relationships of officer to officer and officer to men must be preserved if the ship is to stay in working order when the emergency comes."

And that is the way it is. I came aboard with the amiable outlook of my recent job: "Mr. Kortum still has something of the Personnel Department about him. But he will get over it." (Captain to chief officer at the dinner table, myself present.) For a couple of weeks I caught hell if I looked sideways, but now I have savvied the style on board and everything is lovely in the garden, as the Australians say. This is the way I always thought a ship was run before I going to sea, but I grew careless under Capt. Wigsten: ("Me downfall is that I like to have a drink with me crew.")

The happiest ship is the best disciplined ship. And it holds true on board here. A veritable League of Nations clicks together beautifully. The master is of Hungarian extraction, the chief engineer Danish, the chief officer Russian, the chief steward Welsh. Second and third mates are American, second, third and fourth engineers Australian, bosun Swedish, carpenter Finnish, our star helmsman is from Gateshead, England, another A.B. is a big red Irishman and the cook is a black Feejee. Rest of the seamen, stewards and greasers are Australians.

A couple of proper old shellbacks in my watch. Rooney out of WILLIAM T. LEWIS, four-mast bark, and KILMALLIE, bark, and Peltomaa, the Finn, from PORT STANLEY, four-mast bark (in her in 1918) and various. Peltomaa was in his shore-going rig the other night and I noticed sheath knife in place. I asked if he had overlooked it.

"No, mate, the Finnish defender!"

This is by far the hardest job I have tackled up to now. "We do not practice an eight hour day on here, Mr. Kortum," the Old Man informed me pointedly during the first few days at sea. I start off by taking the lonely midnight to four watch; the third mate and I discuss the glories of California for a few minutes and then he is off for nearly eight hours of unbroken sleep. Likely as not if the captain has not been up during his watch he is off course. Fred is a better clarinet player than he is a navigator. This leaves me with a most uneasy feeling of not knowing where she is or what is going to happen during the next four hours.

If there are going to be changes in course it is imperative that I have a fix so I struggle to identify landmarks in the gloom, using them for cross bearings. Then a change in course plotted to bring her back to where she should be, correcting it for variation, deviation and any drift that the fixes show. I tread most cautiously here because if any portion of the corrections are wrongly applied disaster results in this reef threading game. And the finish of K.K. on the bridge.

The helmsman repeats the new course and I relax enough to have the lookout bring up a pot of cocoa. An estimation of the speed is made from positions entered on the chart the previous watch and the dividers pick off the approximate time we will mow down rock or reef.

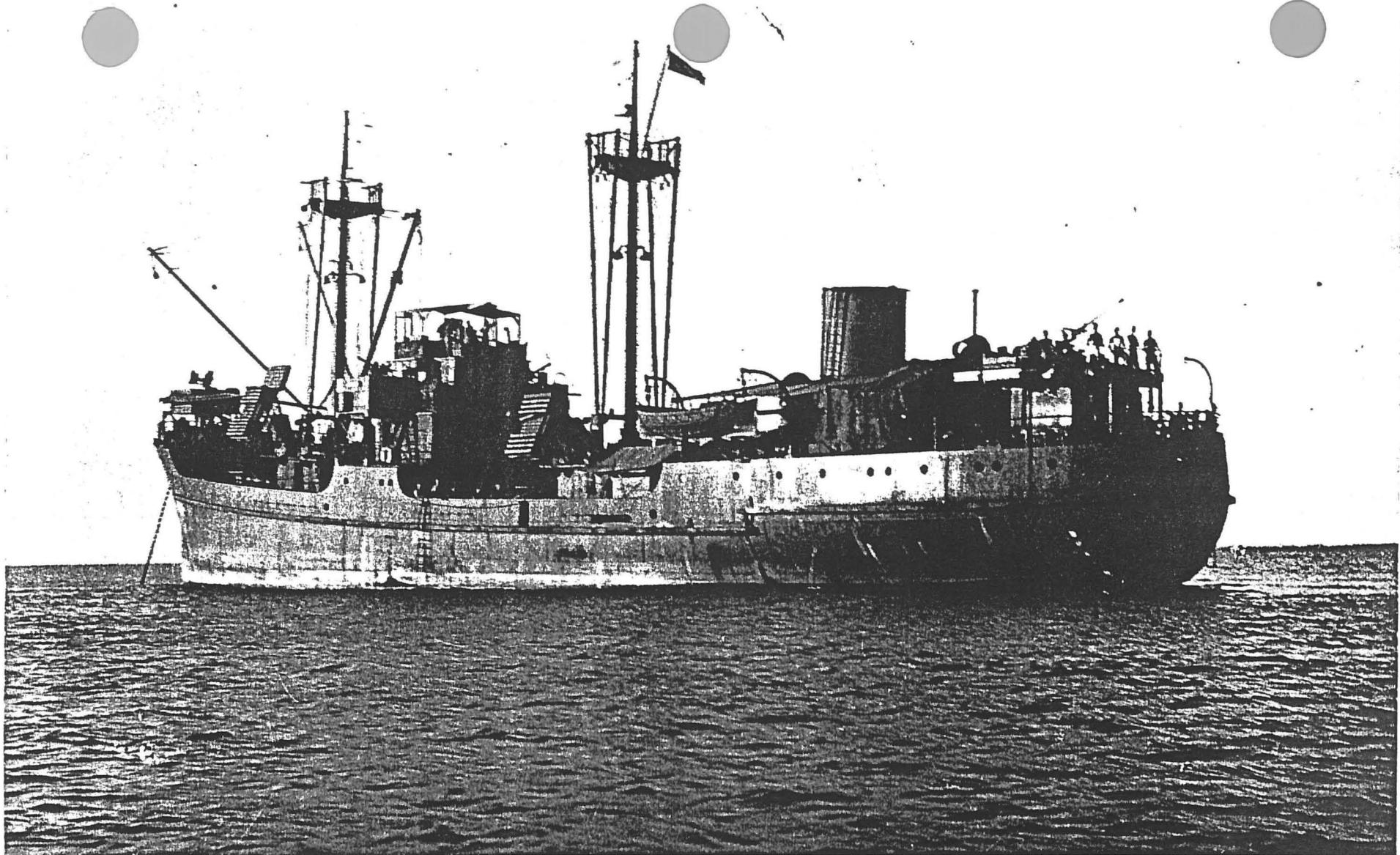
"Keep a sharp lookout, Rooney."

"A sharp lookout, sir."

I usually miss trouble by a few degrees and hope that the error in landfalls will continue about the same; there is a gnawing worry that I am going to make that one small error some day and pile her up. That is what makes it hard, not the physical work involved. I am usually ready enough for the bunk by four o'clock when the mate, Mr. Kutt, arrives on monkey island . . .

All best wishes,

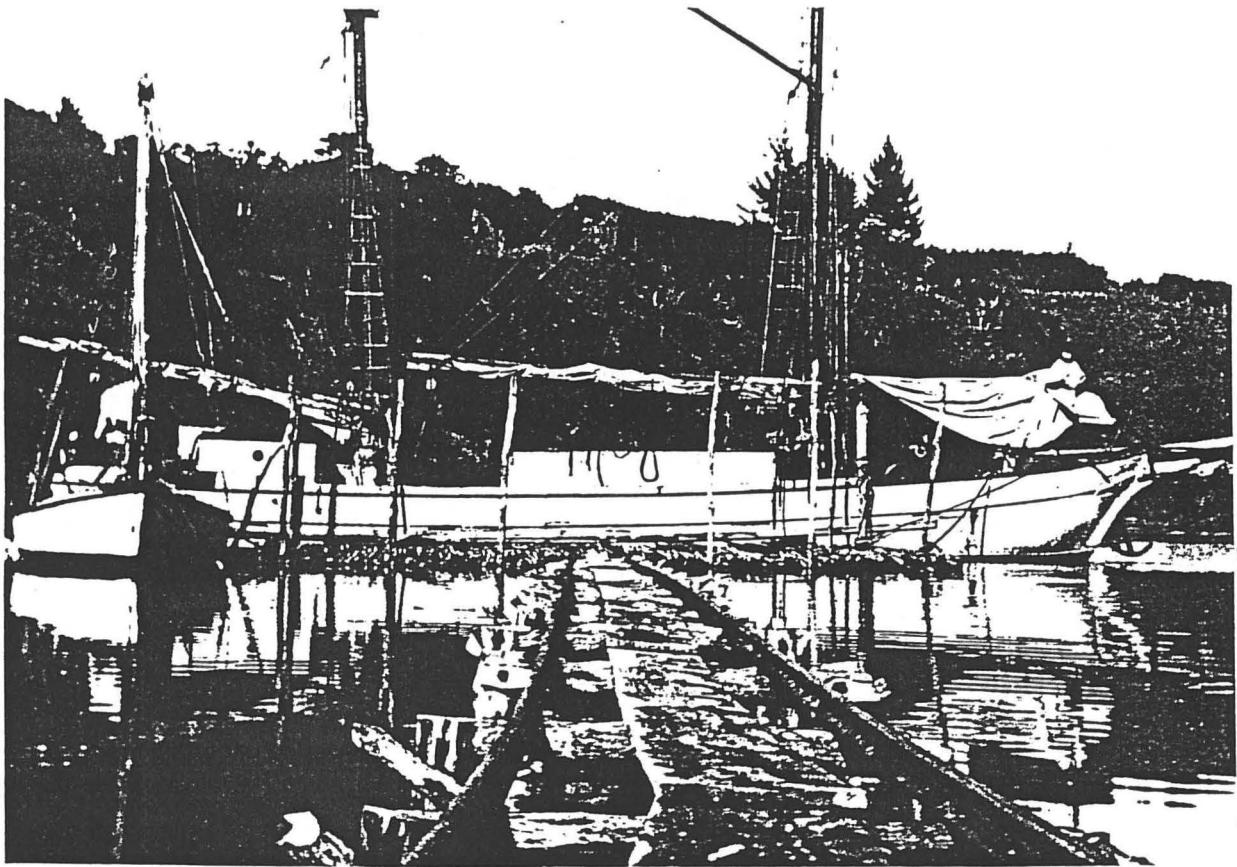
Karl



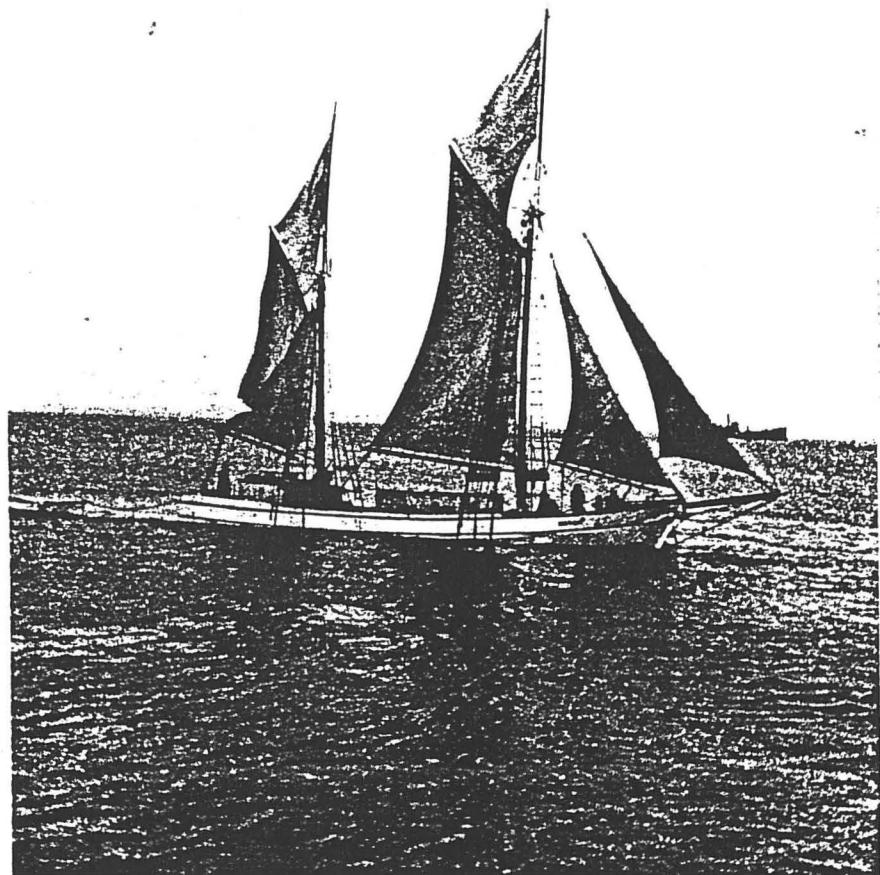
M/V LORINNA 1185 gross tons, built 1938 by Grangemouth Dockyard Co. for W. Holyman & Sons, Melbourne

The LORINNA, built in Scotland for the Tasmanian timber trade (I first encountered her berthed ahead of the KAIULANI at Hobart) was the smartest ship in the Small Ships fleet. Her master, Capt. Elmer Malanot, was an aristocratic Hungarian who served in an Austrian U-boat "on the other side" in the first World War. He gave me a job as second mate of the LORINNA and I was with him on two subsequent vessels.

On this voyage we rounded the northern tip of Australia with Loran stations in our hold and eighty men in temporary quarters on deck to install them on a couple of remote islands off the northwest coast. The most distant was Champagny, not far short of the Buccaneer Archipelago. Photographed by the third mate, Fred Treat.



The MAGGIE loading in a New Zealand river, prior to joining the U.S. Army.
Notice the high centerboard trunk, allowing for shallow draft.



New Zealand scow MAGGIE, unusual in having a formed bow instead of two slabs meeting at the stem.

Captain Malanot's style was unusual in the era--and locale--where he had resumed seafaring. While everybody in the crew swore by him, I can understand how he might puzzle an occasional Australian, that most democratic of peoples. The trace of a Hungarian accent sometimes lingered in his speech. I remember an Aussie sergeant who had traveled with us (this was on a second voyage under a different captain) reviving some lines that he had heard from the bridge and that had been current mimicry months before among the troops on deck:

Friday, Sept. 8, 1945

Malanot lingers like a ghost on this ship and it is never more evident than when we strike some of our original soldier passengers and the various dialogues are reenacted:

"Four shackles in the water, Mr. Kutt!"

or simply:

"Bring me one cup of tea, Wolly."

Hartzog had a variation:

"How is she leading, Mr. Kutt?"

"Up and down, sor."

"Don't tell me up and down, Mr. Kutt, tell me vich way she is leading!"

All this was good-natured and I know that the troops felt they were in good hands. But the slight overtone of imperiousness contributed to an atmosphere in which, among the inner circle, the question of the U-boat continued to float.

It is a good thing that Capt. Malanot gave me such an exceptional course in navigation. Because the command of the LORINNA changed, the Old Man went on leave to spend a few weeks in Sydney with his wife and children.

I described the new captain in a letter years later to my friend, Capt. Fred Klebingat, who as it happened had annually taken the large schooner yacht NAVIGATOR on long hegiras through the South Seas for wealthy Philadelphia owners.

With the outbreak of war, the NAVIGATOR, now owned by the Army, had brought

the new captain of the LORINNA down to Australia. I am uncertain whether he was on the books as her nominal master--or who, if anybody, was. He did not have to navigate her across the Pacific; that was accomplished by pooling the sextant findings of a half-dozen would be captains on board.

January 21, 1977

Dear Cap,

Os Brett included with his note a picture of the m/v LORINNA where I got my first job as second mate, Built in Scotland for the Holyman S.S. Co. of Melbourne for the Tasmanian timber trade. No bulkheads in the hold--like a sailing ship. I was in her first from Sydney and up the Barrier Reef. No pilot, a crackerjack captain--Elmer Malanot--trained in the Austrian Navy at Fiume--on the other side--in World War I. He taught me navigation (H.O. 214) as we went--I had no license. Out into the Arafura and Timor Seas through Torres Strait, delivering Loran stations (with Aussie installation crews) to lonely rocks off the northwest coast of the continent. Thirty foot tides. Charts faulty--parts of them by Matthew Flinders in 1801 and not updated. No need to--pearling luggers the only ordinary traffic. Just missed an uncharted reef one afternoon in the middle of a big bight. Altered course (I was alarmed at a discoloration ahead and suddenly a slight greasy swell) and I looked down as we went by and saw the rocks sticking up from the bottom. Took bearings and the reef was promulgated in Notices to Mariners. Lonely, fascinating country . . . Melville Island, off Darwin . . . aborigines . . . a great desert coast of red rock.

After a couple of months we returned to Brisbane to load another couple of Loran stations. They were being set up on rocks like Champigny Island between the Bonaparte and Buccaneer Archipelagos to get a good spread for the grid that would guide the Liberator bombers in their attacks on the Japanese in the East Indies. The bombers were based in Darwin. The Australian port of Darwin was full of sunken ships from an earlier Japanese raid.

By this time your old NAVIGATOR had arrived down in Australia -- got there by a "pool" of what we in the Small Ships Division called "A.T.S." men. This was a misnomer -- they were not Army Transport Service people at all, but they had appropriated the title. The Transport Service was an old line organization operating sizeable ships with experienced officers -- its partisans claimed that it was a saltier and more professional service than the Navy because Navy officers were systematically switched to intervals of shore duty -- "navigating a desk." Although there were good people among the "A.T.S.-ers" who began to arrive in numbers in Australia and thence New Guinea in 1943 (I have heard 1,300 in all), for the most part they struck us "old hands" as fringe nautical types and yacht clubbers. Some claimed membership in the Coast Guard Auxiliary which did useful patrol work on the East Coast during the U-boat onslaught during the first part of 1942. In San Francisco bay, the Auxiliary were issued Coast Guard caps and insignia and used their own cabin cruisers to patrol the shores against enemy activity.

A couple of citations from my diary when I was in the Personnel Office in Wagga Wagga, New Guinea:

Tuesday, Sept. 28, 1943

We are having a devilish lot of trouble with a group of nine Americans (amateurs and yachtsmen mainly) who have come down here on salaries ranging up to \$5124 p.a. The trouble lies in the fact that they are mostly small businessmen or employees of successful firms, middle aged, married and not possessed of the physical work habit. So they baulk and stall and won't get out of their neat uniforms and gold braided hats and get in and muck on barge painting and cleaning. The morale effect is bad on the Australians and we have had a couple of pep conferences to get some action into them.

Tuesday, October 19

The C.O. of Small Ships here wants a report on why our twenty five newly arrived American civilian employees are not satisfactory. Crone tells me this at breakfast; I go to work on it.

Their nautical abilities are not yet tested but are already suspect, the immediate problem is that it is very difficult to get them to do work on shore pending assignment. I have had to tell one or two to get out of their brassbound uniforms and get to work -- or hide themselves in their tents where they will not disturb the morale of the Australians who are making a fair stab at putting in a working day.

I took each American in turn and summed up his value to this organization and fifteen out of the twenty five were found wanting. Lieut. Crone okehed the report and so did Capt. Strider.

In contrast, the original Small Ships Division personnel tended to be of a high order -- Australian fishermen and coastal steamer hands, British merchant navy hands, merchant seamen of all nationalities, retired B.O.T. engineers and skippers, professional Dutch ships' officers driven out of the East Indies. These people made their living from the sea and they resented being shoved aside on their own native craft by Americans, for the most part of little experience.

It was a pleasure to sail with these men. Occasionally what we called a "Sydney taxi cab driver" crept in, but we recognized the type and soon got rid of him. The top management in our organization was largely composed of steamship executives from the United States, some well-seasoned personnel men from Singapore sorted out the applicants in Sydney, and the whole show was well run.

I joined the organization after paying off the KAIULANI in Sydney and was presently flown up to New Guinea, basically to put together crews for Small Ships -- so called -- although we had a couple of dozen steamers and motorships from three hundred to better than a thousand tons. A colorful assortment.

Capt. Malanot offered me a berth in LORINNA as third mate--spoke of my time in sail, offered to teach me navigation--when I told him one time I was considering going back to sea.

A pretty nice offer, but I could not immediately get free of my contract with the Army. The LORINNA went up to the Cape Gloucester landings in New Britain and was struck by a bomb and had several casualties. She managed to limp back to Sydney for repairs and I next saw the captain when I was on leave. I was riding down George St. in one of those trams with side steps that are no more. I was on my way to Circular Quay where I had a Rolleiflex in my sea chest, stored in an old wool warehouse, one of the row that appears behind photographs of the CUTTY SARK loading in the 1880s.

I hopped off the street car, greeted Capt. Malanot, and reminded him about the job he'd mentioned, third mate. He pondered a few moments and the upshot was that he fired the mate, moved his second mate (Mr. Kutt, an ex-bosun, good man) up to mate, made me second mate, and kept the third, an A.T.S. man who wasn't much of a seaman or navigator but who saved the captain's legs by running around taking care of the ship's business in port.

In this fortunate fashion I went to sea again.

But returning to Brisbane, later, when Capt. Malanot went on leave--

One of the A.T.S. men who brought the NAVIGATOR across the Pacific inevitably was a better politician, bootlegger, and girl-supplier than the others aboard. He was given command by the brass around MacArthur's headquarters in Brisbane. The NAVIGATOR was kept in Brisbane as a party boat for the officers. I suppose she was finally scheduled for other duty because this Southern California faker persuaded his friends in the command structure to give him our LORINNA--best ship in the fleet!

He came aboard and suspicion took root immediately. Also (an unpleasant feature) one soon noticed that, like Oral Roberts, this man needed an operation to pry his eyes farther apart. We departed Brisbane and unlike Capt. Malanot he took a Torres Strait Pilot to squirm up through the Great Barrier Reef. When the pilot left this time and we set out for Merauke in Dutch New Guinea, I found that I was the only navigator on board! With only two month's training. And the hold of the ship full of expensive Loran stations vital to the pursuit of the war, the decks filled with

bulldozers as well as some eighty Australians, troops who would build the bases, and our cabins doubled up with American officers who would man the Loran stations once they were built.

It is a wonder that we did not lose the whole kit and caboodle.

My four months on the bridge with this son-of-a-bitch are too long a story to tell here. I would plot out the ship's position on the chart in that world of huge and incomprehensible tides--he would come up, use the position, and erase it. Except that I don't suppose he had body lice, he must have been on a par with your Capt. Lawson in the schooner AMERICANA.

Os's fine photograph of the LORINNA brings back memories.

Sincerely (Karl)

* * * *

Capt. Klebingat's reply contained some furher news of NAVIGATOR.

As to the NAVIGATOR, I saw her on pilot station in China Straits. I had several of these pilots who went with me as passengers (on board the tanker APACHE CANYON) to Balboa on holiday. Including the chief pilot, who commanded the vessel as a pilot boat.

The people who brought her down nearly lost the ship on the trip from Los Angeles to Brisbane. You see, I had converted the ship to a cruising rig, that is, instead of a gaff mainsail I had a leg-of-mutton sail made by Prior. In fact, all the sails were made by Prior. Well, the guy that took her down to Australia put the gaff mainsail on her again and she nearly capsized, so I heard later. They were a smart bunch.

Anyway, the chief pilot spoke to me a great deal about the NAVIGATOR. And of course he wanted that leg-of-mutton sail again. But I think the war came to an end before he obtained it.

The NAVIGATOR was the best of all the vessels built for L. A. Norris by Story of Essex. But at that time she had a new interior which was put in when I took command. She had a new bow, new teak decks, new fiferails made of teak, new stern, a radio sending set, new launch, new masts, booms, gaffs and sails.

I think she ended her days in the Phillipines as a missionary ship. They sold her Union diesel and put in a high speed diesel."

At this point the NAVIGATOR leaves this story. I saw her once in Manila, late in the war as I remember, waterlogged and without masts, tied up to the inside of the breakwater. She was a large, grey painted schooner hull surging to her moorings with an awash, sickening motion. I can still see her in my mind's eye.

In the course of writing this memoir I called Henry Austin, the Navy lieutenant in charge of the Armed Guard aboard the SAN ANTONIO, the second ship where I served with Capt. Malanot. Henry, retired, lives with his wife Carolyn in a home made of adobe near Santa Fe, New Mexico. We hit it off well on board and I remembered that there was something about him broaching the verboten subject, the submarine, those forty five years ago. Henry was an officer in a different service and that may have emboldened him.

"I started to speak about it . . ."

"And he didn't rise to it?"

"He didn't rise."

Why was the matter beyond discussion? I can only guess that it somehow had to do with the rejection the Old Man suffered that first time he offered his services.

Capt. Malanot and I had talks about many things--there is all manner of time for it on the bridge of a moving vessel: ". . . the ship dodged amongst islands. A full moon illuminated the scene; we interspersed our yarns with cups of chocolate, bearings and changes of course. And no matter how far away our reminiscences carried us it was eyes ahead--always a sensitiveness to the moving ship."

However only once did these discussions provide a glimpse back into the Malanot youth:

"Wednesday, May 18, 1945 . . . "The Old Man told a yarn about how when his training frigate was anchored near Monaco, he as a midshipman had a whirl with his hundred pounds of uniform money. Until he had won eighty thousand francs (four thousand pounds). He stopped then to count it, but the other lads urged him on towards a goal of 100,000 francs. And he had to borrow two francs fare back to the ship. His father had to wire another hundred for uniform money and it was a time when crops were bad."

The third vessel where I served with Capt. Malanot was the OCTORARA, a famous

steamship on the Great Lakes that had been converted into a transport. For half a year we ran a virtual ferry service back and forth between the Philippines and Japan, with a stop at Okinawa.

On this vessel the Old Man's experience as a passenger ship captain came into play again and the army officers, missionaries, U.S.O. show companies ("Rosalinda", "The Chocolate Soldier", a Broadway play), knife-throwers, ventriloquists, contingents of nurses and all assorted would forgo a trip by plane to travel on the happy OCTORARA. One day in Subic Bay a Navy submarine came alongside so that the nurses could be invited on board the under-sea boat by her officers for a visit. I remember the sparkle in the Old Man's eyes and his quiet excitement as the sub tied up; before the day was over he had been invited with a number of the OCTORARA'S officers to go through the submarine. It must have been a poignant, almost overwhelming, experience for him.

But . . . no comment.

In due course we struck out on a Great Circle course for San Francisco and I completed my five year circumnavigation of the globe. The OCTORARA joined 700 other ships laid up in Suisun Bay and never sailed again. I swallowed the anchor; I intended to have a fling at writing, but segued, as it happened, into founding an historical park with ships. Capt. Malanot worked his political magic once again and was soon in the Far East in command of a C-1 freighter for the successor to the Army Transport Service, which was called the Military Sea Transport Service. As ever, he straightened out troubled crews and in the Korean war was back in action, 250 voyages, shuttling back and forth across the Tsushima Strait between Korea and Japan, troops in, wounded out. Fog or typhoon, he never missed a scheduled arrival at either end--"During the past three years, the MULLER has won the over-all Navy fleet competition for the 'smartest' MSTS ship, Navy or civilian manned, in the Far East."

Captain Malanot was rewarded with a C-4, outfitted as a heavy-lift ship, that could carry thirty-two railroad locomotives in her hold. His horizons broadened; he returned from time to time to the Mediterranean, where his sea career had begun. He sent me a snapshot of himself and King Hussein, taken on the occasion of a delivery to Jordan by the mighty MARINE FIDDLER, one of the two heaviest lift ships in the world. He subsequently had the USNS COL. WM. J. O'BRIEN in the Med and to the ports of Western Europe.

Meantime, a subplot. After five years sailing in American flag ships, Capt. Malanot was eligible for United States citizenship. Which he got in a minute once his time was in--farewell Britannia! He then proceeded to sit for his United States license and passed with the highest grade in local Coast Guard records: in an examination of more than a week's duration, 99.7 percent!

He had moved his family from Australia to Japan during the time he operated the troop shuttle in the Korean war and he now moved them to the United States. The "bitter end", as he expressed it in a letter, when he was torn from the sea by the federal requirement to retire at the age of 70, came in the year 1960. He settled in

WORLD REPORT

■ ASIA

42 Dead Or Missing in Korean Storm

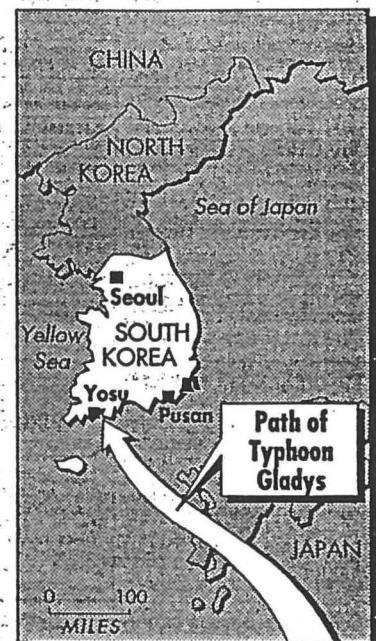
Chronicle Wire Services

Seoul — Heavy rain spawned by the remnants of typhoon Gladys inundated coastal areas of South Korea yesterday, causing flooding and landslides that left at least 42 people dead or missing, officials said.

The storm, which carried winds of up to 48 miles per hour, forced 15,000 people out of their homes with as much as 24 inches of rain in the Kyungsang province area.

The typhoon caught most South Koreans unprepared. It had suddenly veered early yesterday from an expected strike on neighboring Japan.

Forecasters said the storm was expected to die today after traveling across southern South Korea.



ASSOCIATED PRESS GRAPHIC

Oceanside, California: "Laury (Mrs. Malanot, Lorena) is here with me and looks younger than ever." In days gone by in old Sydney we had all gone to fancy restaurants together, Prince's, Romano's . .

Capt. Malanot died in his sleep on December 7, 1967.

He left a special heritage for seafaring men.

It was plucked from the fury of a typhoon. Not just one typhoon, but many--"From January, 1946, until May, 1954, I was in the typhoon area constantly and logged an average of two major typhoons a year."

Capt. Malanot evolved a "doctrine," as he called it, about how to handle your ship in one of these frightening cyclonic storms: *don't fight it!* Stop your engines and the ship, astonishingly, will make herself comfortable.

"It is a fact that even the most experienced seaman in command of a ship sooner or later finds himself facing some problems where he will have to consult a text book on seamanship; *Knight's* or *Crenshaw* will have the answer. This is not the case, however, if a man is looking for advice on what to do, and how to do it, when a typhoon or hurricane has caught up with him.

"Cyclonic storms are fully described, and also the method on how to avoid them, but I have never yet seen anyone suggesting what to do, and how to do it, should one find himself caught in such a storm."

Capt. Malanot provides the answer. He gives examples of his doctrine put to the test in typhoons encountered by his own commands during his tour of Far Eastern seas. "Typhoon Doctrine," from which the foregoing is quoted, was published in Naval Institute Proceedings in July of 1955.

In the article we get a glimpse of his seminal years, when he was captain of the CALIFORNIA for Navigazione Libera Triestina S. A., aboard which he met his future wife. It was here that he first hit on his theory of how to handle a ship in a cyclonic storm:

"Many years ago when I was a comparatively young shipmaster, in command of a freighter of about 16,000 tons displacement on her maiden voyage in the Caribbean Sea, we had a hurricane warning. It was my first experience with a tropical storm, and with the help of *Bowditch* I put the ship on a course which would have brought it into the safe semi-circle out of the hurricane's path.

"The motorship, being deeply laden to the Plimsoll mark, worked heavily. Towering seas crashed on deck, and there was some damage to the life boats and deck fixtures. During the voyage we had some difficulties with our diesel auxiliaries, and now the engineer reported that he had two out of commission, and it did not take long before the last auxilliary also failed. This of course stopped the main engine, and we were left at the mercy of that hurricane roaring down on us with winds of 120 knots. Visualizing what might happen to us when our ship fell off into the trough of those gigantic waves gave us quite a scare.

"When we gradually recovered from that first shock and the ship was lying dead in the water, it seemed strange that the action of sea and wind decreased considerably and that there was no more smashing of waves on deck, although the center passed directly over us, with a short dead calm and blue sky. Then again came the tearing and screaming wind from the opposite direction. It seemed miraculous that there was no damage to the ship at all after the engine broke down. It took us some time to patch up the auxiliaries, and then we proceeded; but this lesson I have remembered all my life".

In this account we are in civilian times--I would say the late '20s--the submarine would have been something like fifteen years before. Because there was indeed a submarine.

A confirmed sighting.

Capt. Malanot's grandson, child of his daughter Malvene, told me about it during a visit to the San Francisco Maritime Museum in the late 1970s. He was a brisk young officer in the United States Navy; he had the story from his grandmother, Lorena, who had survived the captain by several years, but who now too had passed on.

The submarine had been engaged in a naval action in the Mediterranean and young Malanot had been captured. He was held in an Italian prisoner of war camp, but he kept escaping. However, his captors knew where to find him each time--at a certain farm where he was enamored of one of the daughters!

Roger Manieri operates a business in San Francisco devoted to measuring levels of sound--I read in the Chronicle that he was studying the decibals on the rebuilt Hyde St. cable car line. He also likes ship models and it was in this connection that we had our first conversations. Roger had acquired a model of the steam frigate RADETZKY and he put an ad in a British ship model magazine asking for information about the vessel. He got a reply from a man named Erwin F. Sieche, Karthauser Strasse, Vienna, who had with two other gentlemen written a book about the "Cruiser RADETZKY Klasse," and who supplied Roger with the information he needed. Over the years Roger had kept in touch with Sieche, whom he describes as a "banker type" and when Sieche was in San Francisco some years later they had lunch together.

I pricked up my ears when I heard all this and asked Roger Manieri if he could ask the man in Vienna who knew about ships in the Austro-Hungarian Navy whether he had any way to trace an Elmer Malanot, in that service during the first decades of the century. Roger made a telephone call and it worked.

We got a resume of the early Malanot (spelled in these records "Elemér Malanotti"), his naval training, and--end of the trail--the submarine U 3. The position of young Malanot aboard is established, Second Officer. A description of the naval action that led to the U-3 being sunk is included with Sieche's letter and a tantalizing reference to a pocket book published during the first World War titled (presumably in German) "The Adventures of the Dandy-Hun." Mr Sieche says, "As far as I know the text deals in some way with the emprisoned crew of the U 3."

A copy of the book must be found!

Elemér Malanotti

Born 1890

1904-1908 Naval Academy at Rijeka/Fiume

16/6/1908 Promoted to "Seecadett 2. Klasse."

1908-1910 According to the custom of the Austro-Hungarian Navy the freshly promoted cadets made a world cruise. As we do not have any documents I can only guess that Malanotti went aboard the cruiser KAISERIN ÉLISBATH (EMPERRESS ELIZBETH) which went to East-Asia from 1908 to 1910.

On return took instruction courses for torpedo and submarine warfare.

1/5/1911 promoted to Fregattenleutnant.

1914 He was 2nd Officer of the Austro-Hungarian submarine U 3. The boat made various sorties during the war until it was sunk on position (approx) 41 degrees north, 18 degrees, fifteen minutes east on 13/8/15.

The brief description reads as follows: After an unsuccessful torpedo attack on the Italian Armed Merchant Cruiser CITTA DI CATANIA the submarine was depth-charged by the accompanying torpedo boat, 12/5/1915. After repairing the heavy damages the boat surfaced in the early morning mist of 13/5, but was soon spotted by the French destroyer BISSON. The submarine was gunned down and sunk with 6 victims. The rest of the 21 man crew was taken prisoner of war by the BISSON.

Edwin Siethe adds a few details about the class:

Germania type (launched 1908)

Displacement: 236.5/295.2 t

Dimensions: 42.3 x 44.5 x 3.8 m

Machinery: 2 shafts. 2 kerosene motors plus 2 electric motors,

600 bhp/320 shp = 12/8.5 kts.

Armament: 2 - 450 mm TT (2 bow above, 3 torpedoes)

Complement: 21

Class U 3. Four were built at the Germaniawerft at Kiel and towed to Pola via Gibralter. They were of double-hull type with internal saddle-tanks. Although the German designers had evaluated the best hull-shape in extensive model-trials, these boats had constant troubles with their diving rudders. The rudder fins were changed in size and shape, and finally the bow rudders were removed and a fixed stern flap was installed.

Because of their greater displacement these boats had better seagoing qualities and living conditions than their competitors. Considering that this was one of the first designs of the Germaniawerft without extensive practical experience, these boats showed a high degree of effectiveness.

U 4 had the longest operational history of all Austro-Hungarian submarines. Both saw actions during the war; U 3 made an unsuccessful attack on the Italian armed merchant cruiser CITTE DI CATANIA, was rammed and damaged on the seabed. U 3 when surfacing was hit by French destroyer BISSON and sunk.

U 4 was ceded as war reparations to France and scrapped in 1920. Her greatest success was the sinking of the Italian armored cruiser GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI, 18/7/15.

(Entr'-acte)

MAJOR GORDON B. EVANS

Letter home from Gilli Gilli, July 5, 1943:

I could fill volumes with what I see around here, but it is going to have to wait until after the war for the telling. My own day's work, handling seamen of all nations, brings several human interest yarns and problems every day. I've been six months in New Guinea now and have a pretty good grasp on personnel work. Where I started out with cautious, carefully considered assignments of deckhands on first arriving up here, I now feel competent to size up engineers and skippers and fit them to ships on my own authority. Captain Evans (now Major Evans) has deliberately given me a free hand and it is the responsibility that makes the job interesting. If I believe a man can handle a job, put him in it and he fails, I hear about it. So I am kept on my toes.

The Major is a great chap, about forty years old, a former national figure in W.P.A. In the early thirties he was doing pick and shovel work at ten cents an hour, his line of work being itinerant road construction jobs such as driving mule drawn Fresnos; in the alternate season he worked as a tobacco grader. A lean jawed Kentucky man with a terrific accent. By sheer force of character (he is an idea-man, full of enthusiasms) he pushed up so that ten years later he was W.P.A. director for the eight southeastern states as well as Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands. Given a direct appointment in the Army as a civilian personnel expert. Both his brothers are West Point lieutenant-colonels; one was recently wounded in Africa. He is an earthy chap, cusses volubly, and gets on well with sailors, though he is not a seafaring man. ("Wah, hell. You-all got me stumped theah. Ah ain't a sailor.") His democratic style goes over well with the Australians because they are quick to suspect superciliousness in an American.

I came into Evans' office in Sydney one day last November dead set on getting official permission to use my Graflex on the Small Ships schooner (CORINGLE) I had joined as A.B. I had an album of pictures taken on KAIULANI. He picked up the phone and got in touch with Intelligence to see what could be arranged. Then about a month later, and apparently as a result of this interview on the subject of photography, I was called in and offered the job as his assistant. I was to follow him by a few days to New Guinea. I remember he was overjoyed to learn I could typewrite and it came in handy when the two of us used the same table in a wind blown tent with a dirt floor six months ago. Since then we have set up a palm thatch office with a puncheon floor, electric light, and now I seldom touch a typewriter, having charge of three clerks to do the paper work. As far as I'm concerned, I've got the best job in the whole organization because human beings never get routine.

Ladislaw Reday in Log Book, publication of the Australian Water Transport Association (Coogee, Sydney), October, 1982. Laddie Reday was a lieutenant, a member of Mission X, and involved in Small Ships' trawler landings under Japanese fire in the early days (1942) in New Guinea:

"Them New Guinea boys, " earnestly said the Army captain from the deep south, Gordon Evans, during World War II (in February of 1942) on a cold and wet day in Melbourne, Australia, "are cold, we-ut and mizzible! And they ain't worth a shee-ut until we get them to warmer weather."

The Personnel Officer for Small Ships Section of Mission X, U.S. Army was referring to a dozen shivering New Guinea natives washed up ashore and brought to Melbourne when their boat, fleeing from the oncoming Japanese, got wrecked on the Barrier Reef.

Reday (letter to K.K., 4/2/84):

Major Evans: I first met him on the ship going over from San Francisco to Hawaii, one of the American President Lines, as part of Mission X, which was formed in Washington, D.C. at the suggestion of Sher Fahnestock, at least the ocean/amphibious end.

.. Major (then captain) Gordon Evans was assigned to Small Ships in Melbourne. The others who came over on Mission X from Washington were for special duties according to their stateside expert background before World War II .. Captain Evans was assigned as Personnel Officer to Small Ships in February-March, 1942.

As you know, his personnel experience prior to W.W. II fitted him for the handling of myriads of Australians, even though he had no experience around the water to my knowledge.

He was capable, good natured and born raconteur of the Faulkner genre. With a glass of bourbon, he'd tell us stories of the deep south with his rich Southern accent--about "hawg's jaws" and "hush puppies":

"Fryin' catfish down by the rivah, you-all dip them in corn meal with deep fat. 'Course them old hound-dawgs bayin' and barkin' around wanted some.

"Hush, puppy,' we-all used to say, 'got no fish for yew.'

But they would throw the dogs balled-up corn meal dipped in the deep fat with catfish drippings or residue. And that's how the term "hush puppy" came about.

You probably know Gordon better than me. I was always out either scouring for trawlers or in the yards trying to get them fixed. Only saw him in conferences about crewing, thus the famous "Them New Guinea boys . . ." story. I used to mimic Gordon at parties--which amused Gordon as much as anyone.

I was up somewhere with the 41st Div. when I heard he got killed in a jeep or truck accident. You know how it was. With deaths mostly violent around us, another death was not all that unusual. Seems to me I recall meeting him in Sydney, just after I was awarded a Legion of Merit, coming up and congratulating me at the end of 1943. Both of us were quite drunk, and it may have been someone else. Do you know when he was killed?

You should be congratulated that he picked you out to be his assistant. As a personnel man he was a keen judge of a man and his ability and character. I can recall (vaguely) many a time he would put in a summation of a new employee and was almost invariably correct in his prediction of how he would turn out. He hired Capt. Malanot.

I can recall "Mal" showing up in Oro Bay, lean, grinning amiably, when we were desperate for skippers--trawlers and ships being shot up and times tough. I asked him if he had any sailing experience! He allowed he had. Finally he admitted to his U-boat experience and then finally agreed he was an Extra Master. Gub (Lt. Glover) and Phil (Lt. Farley) and I could have hugged him we were so happy to have someone who could really navigate, sail, and take charge of a ship properly.

* * * * *

Wednesday, April 20

Riding down George St. I spotted a familiar figure in front of Wynyard Station, Capt Elmer Malanot. I jettisoned my tram then and there and was soon introduced to Mrs. Malanot, and was having plans laid with a slight Hungarian accent for my joining his ship either as second or third mate. We rattled down to Miller's Point, discussing the plan of ours, already six or seven months old. At No. 10 we continued to evolve strategy and the upshot was that the present second mate is to go and the captain and I will go out to see Major Evans in the morning to see whether politics can be brought to bear.

Thursday, April 21

Captain Malanot and I made the $\frac{3}{4}$ hour train trip out to Herne Bay this morning but unfortunately missed Major Evans. However Major Gordon Evans listened to our story and thought something could be done about it and he offered to pass the word on to Evans.

Saturday, April 23

Spent the morning in my Great Southern Hotel room studying for the tests I took in the afternoon. Seamanship, Rules of the Road, Dead Reckoning Nav., etc. Managed quite well, but more strenuous tests tomorrow.

Sunday, April 24

Not at all well pleased with my practical chartwork test. A good part of it I just didn't know. Nor signalling.

Met Oliver Morton, ex first mate on the schooner I left New Guinea aboard.* He and

Red Andrews, the second mate, are in trouble as a result of the incompetency of the skipper Gulliver.** Later in the afternoon I asked Lieut Planert how they stood and told him my observations of the situation from being aboard a fortnight. Lloyd seemed interested and asked me to submit a written report. I wrote this out, blaming Gulliver for all that was wrong with the ship, and turned it in before returning to town.

*Schooner ARGOSY LEMAL

**I fired Gulliver one time but a lieutenant at Oro Bay reinstated him.

Monday, April 25

"Why, Mallinson!"

The incomparable Johnny was bowling down Castlereight St. about five thirty this evening, just down from the north. We went to the Metropole to have a drink, he told me of high old times in the little ketch I put him aboard up there. Kerkhof, the old Dutch Chief Engineer, came in--he has become quite a pal of Johnny's on the trip down.

I had to excuse myself and make my way to Wynyard where I met Andrews & Morton; we had dinner together and learned their melancholy tale of bungling on the three mast schooner.

Tuesday, April 26

Put the best part of this day into chart work out at Herne Bay, learning things I didn't know before about current diagrams, $22\frac{1}{2}$ -45 bearings, four point bearings, etc. Back intime to have a gusty dinner with Liese at the out of door cafe on MacCleay st.

Wednesday, April 27

I missed Liese at Cahills on Darlinghurst Rd., so went instead to her flat and watched the production of wallets until stud yhou drew near when I started on my way. Pick ed up this typewriter at Pincombe's and back to the hotel to write a few notes.

Thursday, April 28. Bad cold and business about town made this day. Took Colston's

to dinner.

Friday, April 28

Not quite sure whether I should get out of bed or not this morning my cold was that bad. But a telephone call to Cap't Malanot settled the issue. I am in, the second mate's job is mine. Went off to the ship this afternoon by launch, thrilled at her size and shapely model.

Liese and I had dinner at a Chinese restaurant and afterward walked home through the Domain. We sat for awhile on a bench where I learned that the Hungarian is still in the picture, apparently a sophisticated international of forty stringing along my little urban.

Saturday April 29

On board ship first thing. Mate left her to me this afternoon; I looked after details of loading and stowed cargo derrick on foremast at end of day.

Sunday, April 30

Dearly wanted to get away and see L. once more but third mate didn't show up to relieve me. In bad humor about the ggrl.

Monday, May 1

I've bitten off a big bite here, I know but I am full of self confidence and can handle it. Taking charge of the after end of her today and later my first sea watch with no one else on the bridge I reflected that three years ago I was still a farm hand. My father assured me I had spoiled my life with these formative years spent in seclusion, that I would never be able to hold down any sort of job out in the tough competitive world. And I wasn't sure but that he was right. However, I have found since that application, innate intelligence, and respect for authority has made it easy.

Tuesday, May 2

Pleasant to sleep late into the morning, to take a sunlit afternoon watchfull of navigational interest as the coast slips by. If I weren't troubled about Liese, how good a life this would be.

Wednesday, May 3

The officers on here are an assorted crowd, all nationalities, all temperaments. To date we have not clicked well together, though there are no frictions.

Malanot is a prince. He incurred the severe displeasure of Cap't Judah in working me into this job, seeing to it that Judah's man was transferred to another ship. The little Captain's anger is such that he threatens all manner of inquiries, etc. "You've simply got to make good, Karl. Not only for my sake but for Major Evans"

Thursday, May 4 (Brisbane)

Marshall, A.B; on my watch can't steer; on questioning it turns out he has never had a wheel in his hand before, only fishing boat tillers. A willing but stupid man, more laborer than sailor. So I went up to see Herb Posner about getting a replacement. Nothing but a T.I.* boy offering so Mr. Kutt interviewed men and found they are willing to take him.

Wandered up town tonight, felt the blues in the darkened streets, a touch of cold wind blowing.

Friday, May 5

Happy again with a job to do and the doing of it. Conceived various small improvements

X ✓

to the bridge and carried them out, a shelf for the chart table, an athwartship walk of rubber mats lashed together with seizing wire, chart cabinet doors rehung, electric light shade improved. Ashore then and a good movie this evening "Above Suspicion", also another picture with above average dialogue by one Sam Hertz.

Saturday, May 6.

Down to personnel office and interviewed a new A.B. for the ship, veteran of Wm. T. Lewis and Killmalie so he'll do me.* Ashore this afternoon with Fred Treat, third mate, and in the evening watched with high good humor Fred's tom catting in the streets of the town.

Sunday, May 7.

The pilot had the bridge and I was on watch, pacing the rubber mat. I was careful to hold my hands behind my back and not plunge them into my pockets and otherwise behave like a ship's officer. Pilot was a sailing ship extra-master out of Brambletye and Port Stanley. We had quite a bit of sailing ship talk; once he had been in the lighthouse service and had established or refitted a light on Restoration island, Cap't Bligh's landing place in the Bounty's launch. We disagreed on the length of the Bounty, he was surprised when I told him she was no more than 93 feet long.

He was surprised to find a second mate on a ship of this size without a ticket; he would have been more surprised to learn the mate has no BOT*ticket either.

Monday, May 8

The awaited, the inevitable occurred

*Rooney

**British Board of Trade

in the 4-8 watch this evening. The new second mate was guilty of neglect--he had made his first error. First I knew of it was when I struck Chief Officer Kutt in the saloon and he told me the Old Man was ready to turn on me with a tommy gun. I had failed to have the chart for the night's course on the bridge.

I did not go on watch until midnight but I slept restlessly with this enormity weighing on my mind. Then at midnight up the three ladders to face the music.

Captain Malanot was pacing between chart table and binnacle. He gave me the orders for the watch in a non-committal style and then faced me squarely:

"Mr. Kortum. I told you to clean the compass glass and I told you to prepare the charts at all times. Both of these things I have done myself. I will not do them the next time."

And he marched down the ladder, leaving me four hours to gnaw at the rebuke.

Tuesday, May 9

As can be imagined the second mate was right on his toes today, particularly in the matter of preparing charts. All spare time off watch went to their cataloging.

But the engine stopped for a new injector, gun practice was harrowing in all its clamor, the army captain passenger was feverish with malaria, the second mate's reckoning of the past twenty four hour's run did not check with the Old Man's by ten miles, and during the re-calculation someone started sporadic firing of a pistol.

"STOP THAT FIRING! Gun practice on this ship will be during regular times. What a brothel of a ship! Most trips start hard, but I have seen nothing like this. Everyone does what they please!"

But the afternoon was full of navigational interest; the second mate may not have been bold enough to correct for drift but with a battery of cross bearings he kept record of where she was drifting to.

And the Old Man was in a better humor after dinner. With the red ball of the sun squatting on the horizon he showed the new second mate the workings of an azimuth.

Wednesday, May 10

A middle watch that saw me alone on the bridge for four hours; passing from the tenseness of responsibility to the ambient glow of all calculations correct. We had just emerged from a narrow channel when I took over and we were well outside the course by four point bearings on a light. The new course, laid out from this departure would put us squarely onto a lone rock some twenty miles distant. I took cross bearings like mad to make certain of my supposition and then charted a change in course. "Four degrees to port!" down the speaking tube.

"Four degrees, sir."

Then an anxious pacing from side to side for an hour or more, a mental checking and re-checking, a searching of the sea ahead for the obstruction.

"Keep a sharp lookout there!" This to Rooney on the wing of the bridge.

And finally the loom of it, bearing when it should, the ship safe, and the captain arriving on the bridge to find the situation in hand.

Thursday, May 11

I clambered to consciousness out of deep sleep and knew that something was wrong. Mr. Kutt stood in the doorway of my cabin and explained that the two pencils were missing from the chart table. That, and the Old Man

wanted another chart out. I got into my clothes, found the pencil stubs in the pocket of my jacket and climbed, unhappily, to the bridge. Nothing said. I went down and dug out another chart.

"Mr. Kortum, perhaps we had better have all the charts up here. We travel so fast and---"

The "and" was eloquent.

I went back to bed. I understood the folia of charts was to be shifted to the chart table at the end of the watch. It wasn't the end of the watch in the captain's understanding. So I caught hell again.

Difficult to determine how I stand here.

Friday, May 12

It was made clear to me that the eight hour day is not in practice for ship's officers. I think I have been working about a ten, but no matter, no more luxurious sleeping's in during the forenoon.

"Such an interesting passage. You should really be on deck to see it, Mr. Kortum."

I was on the bridge from nine in the morning until four, then worked in the chartroom until half past seven. I caught a three hour nap then and a rebuke for taking it. It seems I had missed another interesting leg of the trip.

I don't complain. Six hours sleep out of twenty four is passenger style compared with the captain's virtual 24 hour duty.

Saturday, May 13

Before I joined this ship I met seamen who骂ed me--they called him a Captain Bligh, claimed they had seen him in action in various ports. I scoffed. Malanot was a gentleman, a navigator with a sense of humor if ever I met one.

One of her mates came into the personnel office one day, quitting his job and vilifying the captain unreservedly. I wouldn't even listen to him; told him he was talking about the best man in the fleet.

He is still the best man in the fleet but in the past fortnight I have met an astonished new side to his character, an insulting imperiousness at the least provocation. During the last few days I have been at grips with it, trying to determine if it is a sudden personal dislike, an act for my disciplining, my utter failure, or an idiosyncrasy. Not until I talked it over with Fred Treacy the third mate, tonight did I begin to see daylight. Fred has been aboard a fair while, has been ready to quit more than once, and knows far less about this work than I do. Yet when the ship refitted and he met the captain ashore, the man whom he assumed would virtually be disdainful was most gracious. And continued to be--ashore.

So it becomes a shipboard character, deep-rooted in a man who has commanded since the age of twenty one. The captain is the captain and there is a considerable gap even to the chief officer. And the second officer should definitely know his place. Which this one hasn't, but watch my cautious smoke from now on. I have been respectful but perhaps a little too jocund.

"Mr. Kortum has a little too much of the personnel department left about him. But he'll get over it"--this to the chief mate, unsmilingly.

Earlier in the evening I had committed an almost unspeakable heresy.

"I think I can make out a light ahead, skipper."

Pause.

"Skipper my foot. It is going to be either make or break with you, isn't it? Mr. Kortum"

Sunday, May 14.

I watch the captain's mood like a barometer; answer with a smart "Yes, sir," "I think so, sir," until I catch the tone of his voice or a comment that indicates he might appreciate a spot of conversation. This I did not do during the first two weeks on board, my deference was casual; American, and I realize now how minor lapses must have disgrated on this absolute monarchist.

We ran through a folio of charts together that I had prepared; I watched the fateful dividers walk across the sheet. A full day went into reorganizing the ship's medical stores, the labels on the bottles representing the ports, her lifer.

Mr. Kutt and I stood on the bridge and exchanged reminiscences about shark-fishing, the construction of boats, and he told me a unique yarn about a Baltic schooner. He knew the mate's brother, the only survivor of a mass murder on board. As per usual the ship had a boy of about sixteen as cook and on the passage down to London a hardcase crowd must have hazed him more than a little. In port the seamen stole some of the master's liquor and blamed it on the boy. On the passage back the kid was treated evilly, I dragged him overside on a rope, send, etc. Finally one night he turned out of his bunk and with a belaying pin or knife murdered the other two men in the fo'c'sle. Then aft and he murdered the helmsman. The schooner came into the wind and the master rushed up on deck to be murdered in turn. But the mate was canny. He stayed in his room and could not be lured out. The boy lashed the knife on the end of a broom and poked at the mate through a square port, equipped with a ~~XX~~ wooden slide on the outside of the cabin trunk. The mate seized the broom and the boy was unarmed.

The boy then went forward and put the boat overside and was casting off when he found her part-filled with water, the plug being missing. So he tried to climb back aboard.

But the mate had been watching, had emerged from his cabin, and as the boy came over the rail he felled him with a belaying pin. When the stunned lad came to he found himself lashed to the mast and the mate bringing the ship into a Danish port.

The trial was sensational. King and Queen took an interest; But on the boy's behalf. The account of the abuse he had received was accepted and censure turned on the mate. To such an extent that he was banished to Siberia whilst the boy was acquitted. The mate's brother was resentful of course, but mollified by the fact that the mate eventually escaped and got himself off to South America.

Monday, May 15.

I can take it as an indication I think that relations between me and the Old Man are mending when he instructs me further in navigation. This occurred during the afternoon, after a successful morning's boat drill.

Then this evening I was summoned by him for a half hour conference. It turned out to be the confidential talk I have hoped we would have and the basis was a letter he was composing to Captain J. It defended his action in taking me on board, in training any uncertificated man rather than invariably using ticketed men. He was not pleased with his pencil draft, believed that I was good at composing letters. What he had was good meat, though I could see paragraphs where his mercurial temperament got downright insulting. Then there was a line that he felt it was necessary to explain to me:

"Mr. Kortum, I am sure, will make an ex-

cellent Navigating Officer in the least possible time."

I got a scowl as he read it:

"Not without a good many kicks, he won't!"

I took the letter down to my room and re-wrote it. Captain Malanot was delighted and it will be edited in the morning.

"You ought to be a newspaper man, Mr. Kortum. It pays better than the sea."

Tuesday, May 17

The Old Man has a good sense of sentence-construction and we went over our joint essay this morning word for word, revising and replacing. When it was finished:

"That ought to hold the little---. The man is a microbe."

Then the first man-to-man discussion since we left port covering a wealth of personalities and procedures. Including my own: "You are very brusk, you know. In your lifeboat it is good, but be careful among the officers. Try to get along, and be particularly careful with the chief engineer. He stands next to myself, if I have a friend on board it can only be the chief engineer. There must be harmony between the departments. No, the captain is aloof; has to be for discipline. That is the thing, the only thing, discipline, discipline, DISCIPLINE. (He thumps his fist into his open palm) As soon as you get out in the lifeboat you know it, don't you."

I do.

Wednesday, May 18

No, I can't put the whole of the Old Man's style down to a predetermined schedule for discipline. Part of it is just plain Whimsy. We talked for almost the whole four hours of my watch tonight. Much of it was galloping enthusiasm for the better officers in the American Army. Part was the year long enmity of apparently my only enemy in higher circles, Judah.

The Old Man told a yarn about how when his training frigate was anchored near Monaco, he as a midshipman had a whirl with his hundred pounds of uniform money. Until he had won eighty thousand francs (four thousand pounds.) He stopped then to count it but the other lads urged him on towards a goal of 100,000 francs. And he had to borrow two francs fare back to the ship. His father had to wire another hundred for uniform money and it was a time when crops were bad.

But the prize line of the evening's discussion was his account of his approach to Major Evans:

"Major, I want your Karl for my second mate."

Thursday, May 19

I revise an earlier opinion of the officers on board here. The lack of social intercourse at the table that I noticed must have been glumness at leaving port. Because now it seems to me every man has a sense of humor and discussions are spirited. The assortment is superb. By place of birth: Master, Hungarian. Chief Mate, Russian. Second and Third Mates, American. Chief Engineer, Danish. Second, third & fourth engineers, Australian. Chief Steward, Welsh. Chief Cook, Fijian. Bosun, Swedish. Carpenter, Finnish. Able Seamen, English, Irish, and Australian. Gun crew, American. Others, Australian.

Friday, May 20.

The pair of twelve to four watches were very long today because I was tired, the time I put on the bridge off watch is catching up with me.

No matter, today the Old Man gave me the most patient instruction in H.O. No. 214 Celestial Navigation, getting in a few digs at the B.O.T. methods. His belief is that the long peregrination into theory for the B.O.T. tickets is a simple barrier to keep out lower intellects.

"But here we have a method where the men in Washington with plenty of time and nice desks figured all the celestial triangles out before hand. So that the ship man, with a few minutes to work, just looks into the book and there is his answer."

Saturday, May 21

I was glad for a change in course in the middle watch; for half an hour before hand I could plan the jockeying of the ship and for half an hour afterward I could study the results. Thus an hour gone out of the lonely four.

Another lesson in H.O. No. 214 this morning and the afternoon watch most interesting with identifying distant landmarks and plotting a noble series of cross bearings. The sea and sky in a milky blend at sunset, a gossamer curtain upon all our horizons. The sun burned through it and the Old Man spun the ship on her heel with his eye to the azimuth mirror. He called the courses and the bearings and the Second Mate sweated in his room to compute deviations on course changes enough for a compass adjuster.

Monday

, May 22

Sextant practice this morning, side by side with the Old Man and our observations corresponding pretty well. Then down to calculate his observations and again onto the bridge to plot the Sumner line on the chart.

The Old Man incensed when the Australian Naval lieutenant called for parallel rules to plot a fix and the captain stepped into the breach with his 45 degree celluloid triangles. "Oh, I can't work that Japanese method."

An hour later Captain M. was snorting about it. "His parallel rules and his last century way of doing things."

Tuesday, May 23

A couple of years now since I've done a good constructive piece of shipwright work. So I lashed into the reenforcing of the life boat gunnel with vigor and in spite of a tropical sun had fitted brass plates under all rowlock sockets on one side by evening. A simple pleasure to work with tools once more.

(Darwin)

Wednesday, May 24

A weird, sleepy night alongside a dock with rats and somnambulant stevedores for company in the middle watch. I made numerous cups of chocolate, looked upon the Styxian realm into which we are sunk, and helped the ship's cat, heavy with kittens, across the gap to the bridge.

Thursday, May 25

The three mates gathered on the bridge for a lecture on mistakes made in clearing the

wharf. The forward spring had been let go instead of slackened, ditto the stern line, the tow line had not been handled right, the engineers had put her into the wrong speed, etc. But the lecture concluded with a chuckle which is more than they did in the early part of the trip.

Friday, May 26

It was the Old Man's turn to be in error today, though I hesitate to blame him for more than a portion of it. We touched lightly on an uncharted shallow patch, staggered a bit and carried on without incident, other than Cap't. M's chagrin.

"For fourteen months I have been expecting it."

The bosun came up on the bridge five minutes later and reported the bilges dry. The Old Man growled an answer and then, aside, "Of course. What did you expect, you fool?"

Saturday, May 27

Dialogue heard aboard:

The sergeant major in charge of the stevedores commenting on his part in the war:

"It's a job."

A soldier spending a night watch on deck at the same time as mine:

"You're the youngest second mate I've ever seen."

A blue-headed, freckled stevedore by the name of Drizzy. He sits on top of the winch with a hold full of stevedores for an audience, all long, tanned Aussies and during a lull reads from "Truth."

DIGGER RETURNS HOME AND FINDS WIFE IN BED WITH ALLIED SERVICEMEN.

A few American sergeants are standing on deck.

Asks Drizzy, wryly, "Now what Allied service could that be."

(Melville Isd., north of Darwin)

Sunday, May 28

I went ashore and made the acquaintance of Flowerpot and his pot-bellied youngster. A gray bearded aborigine in loin cloth, his arms cicatrized with tribal scars. He smoked a stubby pipe, was civil in a gutteral way, but devoted most of his attention to throwing sand on himself to keep the flies off.

Monday, May 29

Ameridian altitude at noon and the Old Man chortling so see a navigator thus easily created; another dig at the Board of Trade. But he is glad to see me make mistakes because it takes so much time to correct them.

Tuesday, May 30

Yes, a jolly crowd. The three meals are apt to be formal, breakfast because everyone is sleepy and the other two because of the Old Man's mood, strange officers breaking bread with us or because we all wear shirts. But morning and afternoon tea and the evening cup of chocolate sees sweaty engineers and deck men in high good humor over the least of reasons.

Wednesday, May 31

Made port and no mail. A tragedy and a surly crew. Plugged away at my correspondence but no heart for it; the cabin ~~XXXX~~ warm with the breeze cut off under the dock. General attitude on board to hell with it and the sea is cooler and friendlier and better.

Thursday, June 1

The Glorious First of June when all our wages leap about 25% (if we sign the new contract on arrival back) So we had something to talk about of the keenest interest

No. 1027. AUSTRALIA, NORTH WEST COAST

Wanganui Rock—Information about Position

New Position.—116° distant 1.7 miles from its charted position.

Lat. 11° 40' 00" S., long. 130° 02' 40" E. (approx.).

Remarks.—The rock is to be altered to the new position and the note "P.D." expunged.

(Notice No. 1027 of 6/10/1944.)

Charts affected.—B.A. Nos. 613—1044—475; H.O. Nos. 613—3418—

3416—3003. *Publication.*—Australia Pilot, Vol. V, 1934, page 111.

Authority.—U.S. Ship.

(A.H. 703/1944.)

and controversial aspects.

But that was small potatoes compared with a noble haul of mail Fred Treat found for me up at the fleet post office. California stood recreated.

Friday, June 2

I spent a darkling watch in communion with the stevedores on how the cargo comes aboard. The last lashing was passed and the derricks swung in before the watch was done and I turned the ship out fore and aft, the sleepy captain to the bridge, the grumbling sailors to the shorefasts, the Russian to the 'fo'c'le head to oversee, a mute sufferer and a hell of a worker. The C/E stomped along not too sure of his footing and his fibre must have vibrated to the clamor of bells that reached his department seconds later. We went astern on a wire spring and arched quietly out into the night.

Saturday, June 3

Great to be at sea and settle into a sure day's program. I had an afternoon full of celestial work and proudly entered my first celestial fix on the chart.

Sunday, June 4

Fred Treat has found an interesting way to spend his watch. He looks for sea snakes. He pointed out the largest yet to me in the forenoon, an eight footer, striped gray and brown who raised his head from the water to stare at us rushing past.

The Old Man looks ruefully at the land in these parts and says it looks pretty huncryl "Good for snakes, I think," he appends thoughtfully, a sailor's outlook.

Monday, June 5

Heroic words over the radio today; Rome has fallen. The Germans put up no resistance and I breathed easier for Michelangelo and other colossae of the Sistine Chapel. There is fighting again on a river whose name is not new to bloodshed--the Tiber.

A lieutenant from Brooklyn, intense, and apparently combating the inevitable accent with elocution, talked of Ellington and Gershwin tonight. We had quite an eager conversation--"It makes you feel good to talk about anything as American as George Gershwin." He told me of deep remorse when he read an obituary day after the composer's death. It reminded me of my mother's comment: "You take Gershwin's death as seriously as if he were one of the family."

Tuesday, June 6

The Old Man met me on the little rectangle of deck outside his cabin and told me, a little breathless:

"The Second Front--it has started."

A German broadcast of paratroops landing in force on the Normandy peninsula was re-broadcast by the BBC and the captain had heard it.

The ship buzzed: Overheard outside the port a triumphant American sergeant kidding the Aussies and asking where their paratroops were. A gunner saying he was glad he wasn't in it; an Australian naval lieutenant wishing he were.

By night there was official authentication and word of navy, airforce and ground force cooperation in an amphibious crusade that stirs the imagination and renews faith in the always eventual conquest of right.

Wednesday, June 7

The second mate spliced a towing bridle today; a part really in the same thing that is going on in Europe or so he chose to believe.

31,000 airmen took part in dropping what was paraphrased on board here as "a Liberty ship" of explosives on the invasion coast. Advances are from ten to fifteen miles inland and the lack of resistance at the beach is a surprise to all. American Navy losses are two destroyers and an LST and I hope that slight proportion is an indication.

Thursday, June 8

The fan stopped, the lights went off and the ship shut down sometime before midnight. The third mate saw no reason to remain on deck and I heard him rustling in the next cabin, turning in. I wondered who would call me at midnight, but I was sleepy and in minutes I dozed. A fitful sleep, worried about my hour on watch. If I weren't called, the mate would not be called at four. If the mate slept in who would call the Old Man to get her under weigh at dawn?

I thought I heard a whistle, it fitted into some trifling dream sequence but no matter. I jumped into trousers and buckled on sandals. It had happened; the Old Man had found the watches broken and there would be hell to pay.

I stepped out onto a deck whitened with moonlight. It glittered on bald headed men sleeping on the hatch, darkened the masts and derricks into silhouette. Around us the harbor was leveled and on its surface, like a dust settled, lay the moonshine. Not a sound, not a whisper. No whistle.

I looked for life. Through the captain's

screen door came a snore. I climbed to the next deck and the gray cat met me at the head of the ladder. Another ladder and another cat, the black one. On monkey island I paused and looked down on a ship gone dead, but now I had sound. I slumped into the canvas chair and listened to it, trying to make out which was louder. One half was a snore from the fore hatch, the other the surf miles away. I dozed puzzling on it and awoke again and again, as a good officer should, to the rattle of a soldier coming on watch, the snap of the cable in the hawse pipe, and othership sounds.

An interesting work by day, a grand sort of loneliness slipping by on all sides hour after hour.

Friday, June 9

We slipped along wonderingly, the captain the pilot, and the second mate alternately pivoting the azimuth mirror and then advancing on the chart mumbling a trio of bearings. I was quite exhilarated by the surroundings. If Arizona had a coastline this would be it.

Rooney told me of the sinking of the bark Carmoney last war, best little ship he was ever in and that includes Elginshire, Wm. T. Lewis, Kilmallie, Garthforce, Calcutta and four or five others. Of the casual style of the U-boat skipper who sent his officers to raid her while the crew hung onto the stern of the sub in the ship's boats. The captain looked down on them and nodded towards the bark. His statement implied omniscience: "You didn't have the gaff rigged when I saw you in Buenos Aires." Sure enough, the carpenter had been preparing a small gaff for the necessary signalling at the channel and it had only been sent up a day or two before.

But the plunder his boats brought back to the sub evidenced that his side didn't know all the answers. They had the bell, the binnacle hood, the treads from the cabin steps. Germany was very short of brass and as the raider skipper told them he was just returning from a two year cruise. A couple of bombs exploded in the bark then and she went down by the head, the monkey gaff being almost the last seen of her.

"Stear North Northeast for the Fastnet." and the sub cast them loose for five days of rowing, sailing and drifting. They were eventually picked up by a turret steamer whose skipper was disobeying the standing merchant fleet order not to stop for boats. But, as Rooney says, it is easy to haul a boat out on a turret steamer.

Saturday, June 10

I came, blinking, out on deck at midnight and by the cargo lights saw a patch of sea alongside. A piece of seaweed flicked into it and out again and I knew I was in for a very wakeful watch with the ship in a millrace. The Old Man and the pilot were watching her moves from the bridge. Philosophically we watched the nigger heads emerge around the edges of our puddle. The ship sheered and shook and a man had to steer her every minute.

"Drizzy" of the stevedores comes through again.

"Blondes spoil in the tropics once you've opened the tine!"

"Eighty seven dollars for a washing machine where you come from. Near thirty quid! Why a man can get married out here for less and get a lot more laid on than just washing."

Sunday, June 11

A couple of recent ideas for stories: Fred Treat told me of the wealthy heir to a cough drop fortune who came out to Hollywood in flaccid search of pleasure. The routine proceedings paled and he found interest in an emergency hospital. He frequented the place, became a familiar of all the personnel and played a minor part in dozens of auto accidents. Fred told of riding home from a football stadium, a drizzling rain started and this ghoul announced that it was good weather for accidents and drove a reluctant Fred off to his abattoir. Fred spoke only of his own nausea but the excitement, the gleam in the eye of this young man as he ran to help with stretched cases has the ingredients and simply needs a good denouement.

Another idea is Walter Ripp's story; I had a letter from him in Second Lieutenant rank in England. It incorporates his mother and old man Thomas but there is no telling it out of decency for this inhibited little refugee who made a man out of himself. And as he writes "the Kortum's have always been dear to me".

Monday, June 12

I have the French chronometer in my cabin in order to check it with time signals. Also Greenwich Mean Time serves as my personal clock: I jump out of my bunk when the sunlight through the porthole is intense enough; open the case, add the difference in longitude, and know whether it is time for morning coffee.

It was well worth joining the soiree this morning, for instance, to hear Reg tell about the Fiji crews he has been in W.R. Carpenter's (Who Robbed Christ) ships. Big, sulky, in-

telligent boys. Reg once asked one of his steward staff when was the last time he tasted human flesh.

"Gawd strike me. His eyes turned red, like; I got out of it quick. Word went round the whole crew like wildfire and next thing the Old Man wanted to know if I was asking for a massacre."

The conversation came up over Joape Seru, our cook, down with fever.

"He's dinkum; he's grey under the eyes."

Reg went with a crew of them right back to Cardiff, trouble all the way, and during a bombing in the Mediterranean the big blacks were badly frightened. The Salamaua had picked up a dozen survivors from the Thistlebank, torpedoed near them, and emergency surgical work was going ahead on the mess room table. Suddenly another alert and the place filled with wild-eyed Fijians, struggling to get under the table. No use to assure them that on the next deck down was the cargo's portion of explosives.

Another yarn over the mess room table: The major told of waiting for a plane at a New Guinea airstrip and being transferred from one plane to the next to make room for two M.P.s and two Jap prisoners. The two planes landed at the same airstrip on the other side of the range just a few minutes apart.

"Come on" says the major to another travelling officer, "Walk over to this other plane with me. They got a couple of Japs."

But only the two M.P.s were seen climbing out the big metal door.

"Hey! Where are the Japs?"

The noncommittal answer:

"What Japs?"

Tuesday, June 13

"At least, thank God, it's clean ashore," a remark by one of the captains that I think sums up this coast. Clean and silent and barren. I have come to respect its loneliness as a virtue in itself and look forward to my time on deck with a kind of explorer's interest.

Wednesday, June 14

A pair of beautiful sun observations this morning, a sunmer line and a meridian altitude out no more than .2 of a mile. The Old Man declared I must have made a mistake somewhere in my calculations to be so exact. Five weeks on the bridge and he is not anxious to see me convinne myself that I am already a navigator. But he does it with a chuckle and frequently con fers with me in all seriousness, though I don't know what weight he puts on my findings.

Thursday, June 15

Had the solid enjoyment of re-designing the chart table hood and then carrying out the alterations myself. For nearly a year in this ship, they have been unable to take a bearing ahead because the folded hood still obscured the horizon. I recessed the hinges and constructed an adjustment rack back in the engineer's shop.

I was urged to do the job the other day when I found I was unable to practice a method of bearing known as "doubling the angle on the bow."

Friday, June 16

A completion of the bridge repairs and a long letter to Maxine. My room mate, Lt. Abvall, Master Mariner, has turned out to be a bonzer chap since that inauspicious

evening when the Old Man tried to whip out of port without him. Captain Malanot must have wearied of his declared loneliness because he was down in the saloon this evening for a yarn with Abvall.

Tuesday, June 17

Lt. Abvall told the story of an Australian shipping company, and, as he said, it is not the best. The firm is Burke's; it was their Wandana I traveled south in some months ago.

According to the Lieutenant, there was more behind that amiable ship's complement than met the eye.

Not so many years ago the firm was in straits where the freight had to be collected before the crew could be paid, that sort of thing. The officers might get half their salary in cash, the rest in nearly worthless company shares.

But there came a day when shipping brig- tened and a surprising reckoning made one skipper and one second engineer in particular virtual senior directors of the firm--their shares had picked up that much. Moreover the outfit was able to buy a cranky old crock from some other coastal outfit, equally hard bitten, ~~shut~~ speaks her condition. The new ownership did away with fifty tons permanent ballast and the skipper with all the shares took her away.

The next thing heard is that this skipper and his son, deck boy, are picked up in the ship's dinghy--only survivors of a sinking off Sandy Cape. The ship, light, had missed her ballast and foundered in not much of a chop at that. The motorship that rescued them was a far smaller thing.

The skipper retired but his son rose in the service to Chief Mate of the Wandana. The second engineer-director was chief engineer

of this, the flagship, simply because he wanted to be. His lack of a chief's ticket was circumvented by hiring a second engineer that had one.

Head of the whole crew was Captain Andy Paulsen, as amiable a shipmaster as I have ever met. He had been years on the run, knew every vicissitude of navigation and shipper on the coast. But the father-son relationship tumbled his head in the dust on the day that junior got his master's license. Old Andy was wiped without ceremony.

But now an element entered the picture that was unforeseen altogether. Public opinion, in the persons of all the little coastal shippers, cried down the injustice and backed up their indignation with economic sanctions. An embargo was declared unless Andy was reinstated, another firm could have their trade.

That turned the story into one of endless-dee and an adjustment was soon made. Junior got another ship and Andy still had the privilege of inviting a guest up to his eyrie for a snort and a yarn. I'm glad it worked out that way because I know I enjoyed these hours of anecdote, stating, "We square rigger men know--"

Sunday, June 18

With the Chief Mate on one winch, the pilot on the other, and myself stevedoring we worked like hell this morning. Our reward was to get to sea again; benefit enough we all felt. Movement, the ship alive, and a stiff breeze making conversation on the bridge difficult.

Monday, June 19

I overslept this morning and felt irritation for missing a forenoon watch of

celestial work. A check with the captain's observation's could have been of service, too. I was able to check a few of his figures by working rapidly but not enough to matter.

I redeemed myself later in the afternoon by working up various celestial calculations which proved of service.

Tuesday June 20

Shipshape and joyful today with mail. As if a host of acquaintances had stepped over the rail, and the crew were giving them introductions right and left.

I had a tidy catch of eight letters and they caught me in the embarrassing moment of having wrenched the top off the chart table. Make no mistake; I read them then and there, but it meant working into the twilight hours to give us a working surface for the navigators. Muggsy's "At the Jazz Band Ball" carried in the evening air, a pleasant bit of nostalgia for me.

Wednesday, June 21

The third mate, gay with beer, woke me in the small hours and led me out to a half illuminated scene bizarre in many ways. The crew, part chikkered, were topping the booms, up so I drove one of the winches by way of getting the sleep out of my system. Iron hatch beams whizzed through the night.

The captain joined the ceremony at two o'clock and there was a conference with the tug master, and finally, grandly on our way.

"Tug's gone. All clear to go ahead." I shouted the message of the arse end to the bridge and the diesel under me rumbled. Rooney and Peltomaa got the tow line in and I went forward to peer ahead at the captain's

side. He was in a mellow mood because of the new chart table top and made snatches of unprofessional conversation until the watch ended.

Thursday, June 22

Epochal day when my position line is crossed by my noon time meridian altitude and the fix that is officially entered belongs wholly to me! What's more the Old Man's latitude was less accurate than my own--I don't know why.

However, I nearly upset the good work by carelessness during my watch. So many course changes that my orders down the speaking tube got perfunctory and the helmsman took sixty-four for port. I had no sooner given the order than I stuck my head in the hood and had a look at the chart. When I emerged-- well, lordy! I snapped out the courses after that and for ever more as far as that goes.

Friday, June 23

The Old Man was able to bring news of an American navy victory of large proportion that saw the Jap fleet retreating to Truk, it was the whole discussion at dinner time just as the Super Fortress laid on Japan was a few days ago. Our side is hurrying the pace and the greatest navy ever mustered begins to be felt.

Got off on a Dickens discussion with a lieutenant, passenger on board. He expressed an interest in phonetics, and expressed amazement at the constricted throat sounds in common use in Australia. Three times the girl in the ice cream shop had to repeat "plyne or flyvered" before he compromised on chocolate.

My noon position was more miles out than it should have been and I expressed disgust.

"Do you expect to be right all the time?" asks the captain, still mindful of my good luck yesterday. Tonight I redeemed myself with a fix of Jupiter, Rigel Kent, and Arcturus that checked beautifully.

"Well, I'll be damned," was the Old Man's comment as he plotted it.

Saturday, June 24

I did a very foolish thing during the watch preceding midnight; I turned in but didn't sleep. So the middle watch was a miserable thing with not myself but a wraith who imitated me keeping the bridge.

The only relief was a conversation with Smitty, the Aberdeen A.b., about his grandfather's "zulu", North Sea herring boat. The subject came up when he commented on this black and squally night and I likened it to one where he came from.

Sunday, June 25

I was moved by the view when the sun went down; it reminded me of old California's coasts.

The Old Man sat in his deck chair and left some brash maneuvering up to me: "Don't use that ten degrees to starboard, ten degrees to port way--tell them whole turn of the wheel, half turn of the wheel!" And so I did and watched the bad sweep of her head.

Monday, June 26

The captain turned me out in the early hours to witness a neat bit of navigation that will remain with me for awhile. The lieutenant was on the bridge as well and he agreed when I likened the scene to a Conrad setting.

"Keep checking her course with cross bearings and alter when you are abreast of this island. The new course is marked."

And so it was left to me and the rain squalls. I worked hard and virtually knew where she was every minute. I altered course a few degrees and the captain was skeptical when I told him twenty minutes later. However he didn't say anything and when she came to just where she should be I indicated it with a fix. For my accuracy I was rewarded at the change of watch with a loud comment to Mr. Kutt about how unfortunate it was that Mr. Kortum was such a terrible navigator.

Tuesday, June 27

Cherbourg falls to the Americans. The Russians aim for Minsk. And out here I keep a couple of watches full enough to convince me of my part in the whole thing. During my anchor watch I had the sailor break out our anchor light to show a passing steamer. I reflected that the Old Man would be chagrined to learn that another ship had carried on while we sheltered, but in the morning she was revealed anchored a few miles ahead. We passed her easily.

Wednesday, June 28

In a gusty, dark, middle watch the Old Man and I looked for islands. We had to see them and they had to be in their right places so it was a severe competition. Everything fell into place as per chart, our eyesight seems to be about on a par, and the only concern was a deviation I made on Rigel Kent. It made the compass error two degrees over what we had been using. The Old Man checked it. I checked it with Antares. The discrepancy was definite enough to call for a change

A Bemelsman-like rhapsody . .

From a letter to my mother, July 2, 1944

This snug cabin shakes as I write this with a half-gale outside and the middle watch at midnight is going to be a corker. I don't much care because it is all part of the day's work, but the third mate (Fred Treat) has had only yachting experience to Catalina and by the time I relieve him he will be gnashing his teeth in unprofessional misery. The chief mate (Alex Kutt) on the other hand is merely quietly thankful that he doesn't have to face it in a windjammer any more.

I am so completely contented after my short while on here that I wonder how I managed to swallow the anchor for such a long spell. I could not have managed it had it not been amphibious work, dealing with seafaring men each day. After the first fortnight aboard I managed to adjust myself to the Old Man's style--he had to lace into me once or twice--and now we click perfectly.

A most charming man, but a martinet the while. He has done enough seafaring that he sees no need to be convincingly salty so if we pass a headland where sheep are grazing there follows a delighted to-do over the beautiful sheeps, as the mate calls them. A rainbow, a sunny morning, whatever it is, there is likely to be a sincere but Bemelmans-like rhapsody in which the mate joins to keep his job, I join out of pure good humor, and the third mate keeps skeptically mute.

This afternoon the ship was off the course and the captain's reaction was not anger but a shrug and a comment about the able seaman responsible: "He can't steer for nuts, the poor thing." I would be dubious about such a whimsical personality if he weren't a consummate seaman and navigator the while. They seem to come that way in the part of the world also responsible for Pete Mladinich.

* * * *

of course. The Old Man had no sleep last night and at noonday he pointed out the changes in course and turned in. I had a superb watch off the best bit of coastline yet. The lieutenant, passenger, came up a few times and we had a word on Dickens and native voices.

Thursday, June 29

The Old Man and I paced the bridge and peered into murk for ships and lighthouses. We gossiped about army personalities, laughed a bit, and generally kept sleep at bay. "I hate arrogance!" a statement that explains Captain Malanot's unfailing politeness to combat the arrogance bred in him.

Another superb afternoon watch, full of changing sunlight and shadow and a memorable bit of coastline. The captain went below, leaving me to correct her course with cross bearings. She was squared away by four o'clock and I turned the bridge over to Mr. Kuff and the first drop of rain. By now, four hours later, the weather outside shakes this snug deckhouse.

Friday, June 30

To get a departure for a new course we nosed our way through a cold rainy night towards land. I was told to pick up a headland and plot our position by its outlines so I spent a wide eyed watch by myself, finally identifying an apparent cloud on the sea as my objective. By four o'clock I had entered a trio of shaky cross bearings on the chart and called the captain.

The watch this afternoon was a different matter, so beautiful that I had company on the bridge right through. I reflected that with certain trimmings this is the stuff holidays are made of.

Saturday, July 1

The dinner table was hushed tonight by the voice of a news commentator from America. He told of American casualties on Saipan, nine thousand in number, twice the terrible cost of Tarawa. Exultation at the speed and cheap victories won by recent island hopping vanished at that--the bloody way is apparently the only way.

It made it a war again, as hateful forme as waste ever will be.

Sunday, July 2

"Isolationism is no good--those of us who get out in the ships know what a small world it is." The captain voiced this opinion on the world tragedy tonight and I agreed. The complacency that permits an evil like Japanese and Nazi greed to grow in front of our eyes has to be guarded against like these threats themselves. How easy to have put down the Japs at the time of Manchukuo and the Nazis at the Rhine-land instead of now!

Monday, July 3

The ship rolling twenty-five degrees to a side, visibility frequently only a few hundred yards; space to see the big seas coming down on us and nothing else. I watched the compass swinging to the full of its gimbals and reflected what a good thing it was that I filed the brass away so she has a free run.

Water shelter and the extremes of black and white made by electricity and still water. I carried out my duties at the after end with a sense of a job well done by the lot of us.

Tuesday, July 4 *Brisbane*

Independence Day had a convincing ring to it with the Russians capturing Minsk and a steady push forward on the western front. It is about 600 miles to Berlin from either side.

On board the ship tonight an American celebration with a few Yanks and a few Yank employees. We gathered in the Chief's cabin and drank gin and water with merry talk and a few truths out of the booze. Lt. Slade of Personnel was with us. Captain Malanot and I recalled muddy times in Gili when McKenzie swaggered about the camp. Kortum rushed about with a list and showed more concern over a pending sextet of B.O.T. men than over Malanot. I recall how contented he was; likened it to Boy Scouts. Fred Treat, chikkered, told the gathering that "sometimes he would just as soon be on the bridge with a cobra as with our captain, but he was still the best man in the outfit."

Afterward Jack Gaustad joined us and the evening wound up aboard his ship.

Wednesday, July 5

Captain Strider was in the Old Man's cabin this morning and Malanot, Kutt, and Johansen were all beaming. "Now things get taken care of." I was delighted to see my fellow Northern Californian for other reasons than merely ship refitting; Strider is a man of my own outlook, salty, casuistic, with faith in physical work and the foibles of the human race. We are going to have a yarn down in his office.

Thursday, July 6

A big country town is all this is. I have no objections to it but the ship is just as attractive to me. Captain Kenny, the relieving American skipper, was on board and

Ell say he looks like a captain, is personally square, and likes boats. The adequacy of his experience is something else. Malanot called the three of us, Mr. Kutt, Mr. Kortum, and Mr. Treat into Alec's room and told us to pull together "we are a team". We are to cooperate with Cap'tl Kenny in every way and await Cap't. M's return. And, aside he told me that my navigation program was complete, that I could navigate the Queen Mary to San Francisco if I had to.



Captain Malanot charms some of our passengers . .

"Sometimes I would just as soon be on the bridge with a cobra, but he is still the best man in the outfit."

Fred Treat. Third Mate

Sunday, July 9

Captain Elmer Kenny, the new skipper turns out to be a Southern Californian of a decent, self satisfied sort but considerate of another man in a conversation which is a good thing. He is a zealous yachtsman and probably a pretty practical one and it is only unfortunate that his training has not been for this type of ship. At that I welcome his presence for a trip because of the added responsibility it will throw my way. We had a good yarn about his trip down here in the schooner this morning.

Thursday, July 13

A fortnight of great hope on the Eastern front. The Russians are averaging fifteen miles a day and over the week end the Reich itself will be assailed. Happy day of retribution! Clemenceau, speaking for France, said that he hated Germany. When asked if he had ever been there he said no, "but the Germans had been to his country twice." It is now three times but the turning has come. Progress in the Normandy peninsula and in Italy is slow but apparently sure.

Guam has been shelled and bombed and Saipan is a victory, though costly, that puts our planes within 1400 miles of Tokyo.

But the price of this military success has been high. Already more American lives have been lost in this war than in the last; the figure something like 56,000.

Saturday, July 18 (Brisbane)

Up to the Old Man's room for a drink with him and Fred Treat. The steward called me down and here at the door were Alan Reynolds and Stan Webb, old timers both, from the north. Alan had two ketches shot out from under him and salvaged a third to get back in. He lived on the beach, cooking in a kerosene tin, and with only a pair of shorts to wear until word of this disregard reached the Sydney personnel office. That is basically what headed Major Evans north with K.K. following a week later. One of my initial contributions when I got to New Guinea was to give Alan my overseas cap. And next to assign him to this ship as mate.

We talked all this over. And with Stan about the launch expedition. And at laughs and old times the evening sparkled.

Wednesday, July 19

Not too smooth, the ship shifting this afternoon. One of those times when four heaving lines all fall short and a stern line fouls under the keel. Still we snugged her against and a great chill settled down on the river with night. I struggled to find my way to a tram line and booked a telephone call to Capt. Malanot tonight.

Thursday, July 20

Capt. Malanot and I got in touch by telephone, the Old Man quite excited, giving me a lecture on working hard with my bearings, knowing where she was at every minute and correcting the captain only in the presence of a witness. He seemed concerned about the new administration and expected me to keep the ship from mishap. His own plans are for a larger class of ship and he plans to make a berth for Kutt and myself with him.

Friday, July 21

I donned my new peak cap with the spread eagle and away five of us went to the fights. The captain and second assistant joined us at the stadium. We ate hot pies, cheered, wagered, and a Sydneysider on whom I had a couple of pounds was showing good form. The other bloke's eye was cut, but from behind the blood he pulled out a haymaker that turned the trick. Afterwards we ate chop suey and played poker hands with our tram ticket serial numbers.

Saturday, July 22

The good word at noon was a letter delivered by the Old Man from the Personnel Office. I am to be signed to the SWP (South West Pacific) contract current with other American employees, which means that the \$297 coastal wage is eliminated and in this work it becomes \$427. On leave or in hospital I get half of that.

These details completed, I dropped in on Strider and in the conversation I asked if Capt. Eric Hansen were available for pilot up through the Barrier Reef. I told Strider I thought the situation needed him, though I had sworn a mighty oath not to dabble in personnel any more. And Kenny should be glad to be backed by a veteran.

Strider picked up the phone and called Col. Bradford who was for pulling Kenny off and putting Hansen on. That was a bit extreme, but Strider soon had another colonel in it and the Personnel Office running around in frantic efforts to prepare the paperwork. Meantime Strider was holding a profane conversation with Eric Hansen on the telephone and Hansen declared he ~~would~~ have to see if he can get clear of his company. I grinned to myself at the hornet's nest stirred up and wondered if Kenny would appreciate the favor I was doing him.

Tuesday, July 25

The middle watch found the pilot and me reminiscing on the incredible bad egg Watterson. He had managed to crawl into their service until one day a master fired him off the bridge for not knowing the ship's position. Also tales of his brief career in the Royal Australian Navy (courtmartialed out for routing ships over a minefield), a woman he murdered in Tahiti, a ship he brought from China for Chinese owners and other incredible bluffs.

My first celestial fix in a month or more worried me when it was ten miles out* but that was a matter of a decimal and soon set right: Th pilot told me a lot of the navigation lore of the coast during the afternoon watch.

I am skeptical about Kenny; he seems to have a very loose grip on the navigation situation.

Wednesday, July 26

During wet, windy minutes in the early morning I watched a steamer bearing down on us, green light showing. I had the right of way but the steamer was closing rapidly and a thought of collision and our unbulkheaded hold sprang to mind. I planned a last minute swing to port and called the captain. At less

*Celestial navigation notoriously gets rusty in port.

than a half mile distance the other ship started swinging and Kenny arrived on the bridge to find the situation eased, although the other ship was passing at only a cable length's distance.

He seemed pretty vague on the Rules of the Road involved, but he must have looked them up because he reviewed the situation in the afternoon watch. I am losing all respect for the man; he has no shipboard style whatsoever. That and the American lieutenant in my cabin with his feet propped up on the brightwork as I write this leaves me disgusted, indifferent towards the ship.

Sunday, July 30

I squeaked about the chart room in a new pair of G.I. shoes and completed a cataloguing of miscellaneous charts. Alec Kutt was looking after the cargo; the winches were rattling outside; Fred Treat was uptown (Townsville) securing odds and ends of supplies. I had reason to go to the captain's room and Kenny's concern over my shoes rather than the chart work irritated me.

Shifted ship and my two American A.B.s on the spring slacked at the wrong time and the pilot could not have been too happy with my end of it. We inched her in to a narrow corner afterward and it was not a bad piece of work.

Perhaps I am too harsh on Kenny; a medical captain arrived on board and declared his condition moderately serious. He kept to his room tonight and the pilot came down for our round table over tea, chocolate, and tomato sandwiches.

"Well, if the Old Man is laid up, the Second Mate and I will take her out."

An hour of ship talk then, professional, merchant service, seated in years of experience. The kind I like to listen to and believe I have a small and rightful portion of. Not the A.T.S. blurb about yachts and canal boats they have known.

Monday, July 31

I entered a series of beautifully accurate celestial fixes on the chart under the captain's nose. Throughout the afternoon he asked leading questions about how I got these results and I simply indicated that they were the usual thing and made no more comment.

Captain Tyre, the Torres Strait pilot, presents quite a contrast in his assured style on the bridge. My respect is automatic here and he tells me many useful things about a coast I am coming to know.

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Tuesday, August 1

A steamer bore down on me during the middle watch and I hauled out eight degrees to see his port light. All was serene for five or ten minutes and then suddenly the red blotted out, the green appeared, and he was close enough to constitute a danger. I whistled for the captain and the pilot to come up, switched our lights on bright, and had a man stand by the telegraph.

"The bastard is in his chart room and nobody is keeping a lookout!"

The pilot sized up the situation in a moment and we hauled even more to starboard. We weren't yet clear but her mate must have come to life because he suddenly altered course and passed us not much more than a hundred feet off. The pilot went down grumbling that he would report him if he could find out the name.

For my part, I read a chapter on "Avoiding Collisions at Sea" in Knight's this evening.

Lieut. Schongut turns out to be not such a bad room mate, all New York; I kid him about his outpost being far, far from 42nd Street.

Wednesday, August 2

By three minutes this ship missed what might have been complete destruction this afternoon. Coming out of a narrow gut* with rocky headlands on either side and making full speed, the steering failed. The moment before the pilot had cautioned the man at the wheel that he wanted a smart hard a-starboard in a few seconds and instead the ship was veering to port.

I suspected it was our Tennessee helmsman and jumped down to the wheelhouse. No, Ron Greigg was steering and with a funny look on his face.

"Is it hard a-starboard?"

"Yes. She won't answer."

"Full astern!"

The pilot's voice boomed from the speaking tube and Smitty threw the telegraph back. A quarter of a mile distant and square across the bows was a headland.

We lost more and more way and finally stopped with a stirring of mud under the screw. Our jambed rudder had sent us into a small bight and my cross bearings put us right on the edge of the two-fathom curve. The pilot kept sternway on, the third mate established liaison with the engine room, and inside of fifteen minutes power was restored.

We eased out of the corner and made a good and cautious course up the coast.

With the dividers I stepped back a distance of about three minutes and we were still inside the passage. Our involuntary sheer to port would have driven us at a full ten knots into the face of a headland, steep to and all rock. I can imagine the ship bouncing back and with shattered collision bulkhead sinking in deep water.

I wrote up a report for the chief engineer, addressed to the master. The engineer on watch had thrown in an extra pump and the main relay had blown out, leaving the ship without a jot of electrical power for about ten minutes.

Thursday, Aug. 3

Alex Kutt is Russian, uneducated and stubborn. For all his ignorance he is outspoken and not willing to admit to himself that the next man may know more than he does. I accept all this when I accept Kutt, but occasionally it gripes.

I went to him this afternoon to borrow the tape measure. He wanted to know what for and I told him to set up chalk marks and check the pelorus. I then went up on the bridge and started measuring.

Alex was up in a minute's time, wanting to know why I did this, how I was going to do it, why bother when the pelorus was never used, etc. His attitude was antagonistic; I was doing something he didn't understand.

"I'll want the boy to help me for about five minutes," I finally put in.

"Oh. Now the whole crew has to knock off because you want to play with this thing."

"I said five minutes and I said the boy. Now don't be unreasonable, Alex."

He went away sputtering and in not too many minutes the check was complete.*

Friday, Aug. 4

I can see that it is a bad thing for me to play subordinate to anyone I don't respect. My attitude towards this captain has been abrupt and unconciliatory. I read him as something of an imposter because I am sure he doesn't know his job. This afternoon he was reading the sailing directions for our next port (Merauke, Dutch New Guinea) and made a remark about the contents.

"It says here something about a tidal bore and datum of soundings, whatever they are. The bore would be a well, I suppose."

I set him right and not too gently. He wanted to know if I ever added "sir" when I addressed a superior officer. I said that when his administration showed the snap and style on the bridge that the ship had before I would say "sir." Moreover, that I did not think much of his standing backward on the bridge, and laxness throughout. He said that any other captain would order the second mate off the bridge for talking like that. I said I knew it. And so on, back and forth. I don't know why I bother to needle such a limp rag and lubber.

We got under way tonight and when Kutt rang two bells on the fo'c's'le head this man turned to me and asked what it meant. I said two shackles of chain on the windlass. A couple of days ago I had to tell him the length of a shackle--bloody wicked! And as I made my deviation tonight (something he admits he can't do without a great deal of paper work down in his cabin) we had another little tiff. He told me that azimuths made at such low angles are subject to distortion and higher ones are better. I snorted and went about my business in Davis's tables, computed for low angles.

*Alex Kutt, who was actually Estonian, came over to the SAN ANTONIO in the following year; he had just been given command of the West Coast wooden steam schooner BARBARA C. and he wanted me to teach him to navigate--he had a free afternoon!

Merauke, Dutch New Guinea

Letter to my mother, August 11, 1944

My travels lately have been full of interest. One spot paralleled Ginger Ted's (Charles Laughton) setting for "The Beachcomber" with uncanny exactness.

The third mate and I sat in a chinaman's cafe and refreshed ourselves with coffee and glazed bread sticks, the proprietor reckoning our account on his abacus. Outside was a hot, sultry afternoon and all children too young to be in school playing in the dust. Through the open door and a fence of bamboo lattice we could make out an ox cart coming along the road. We prefered to sit it out and wait until a jeep came by.

It was getting on towards sailing time and transportation up and down the road was at a standstill. Jacaranda trees threw a partial shade across our route so when we had settled our account, keeping the change in local coinage for souvenirs, we started walking. Not rapidly and with many diversions.

Fred heard a guitar strummed inside a hut; we looked for something solid enough to knock on. However the mat across the doorway was drawn back while we stood there. A grinning Malay invited us in. Fred tuned his guitar for him while I looked through a stack of records--Hungarian, Hawaiian, German, the Manhattan Melody Makers and the Sourabaya Serenaders.

Here and there a patch of bush had been left standing near the road and visiting blacks in from the jungles made encampment and watched us pass. If not head-hunters they were only one shaky generation removed--a bone through the nose and bows and arrows in hand. The Malays, indoctrinated with commercialism rather than the art of death, provided a much more buoyant section of the community. The boys trotted about on short-haired ponies; girls and women got about on foot in clean and sleazy pastels.

A schoolroom opened on the street and the very young droned along after the teacher's pointer as it traveled up and down the blackboard instead of across. It was at this point that Ginger Ted used his slingshot through the open window and the teacher's attention was distracted for ever after.

Time was getting short and we detoured through a series of backyards. A woman

was feeding her brood chopped fruit and rice on banana leaves; a carpenter enlarged a cafe. East and West were made to meet when sheet iron replaced palm thatch. We reached the street again and bargained in a Chinese shop for stuffed crocodiles. The local price had to be converted to Australian and then the pounds and pence to American before we were certain that our hat insignia had inspired a near mulcting.

That was the last stop before the dock, the sun was now slanting low and with thought of Bill Hinck's mutton dinner we turned our backs on the exotic and hurried aboard. Very colorful, all this, but the next man's burden, not ours.

Monday, Aug. 14

The captain had heard from one of our former skippers, Capt. Alexander, that Major Gordon B. Evans was dead. Kenny remembered to tell me in the middle of the afternoon watch, and, staggered, I had him repeat all he knew about it. A jeep accident at Oro Bay.

I felt a deep remorse the rest of the day; I admired Evans professionally and moreover counted him as a friend. Memories of the two of us at grips with Personnel back at Gili Gili come to mind, his efforts to win me a commission, our photographic troubles, his loyalty in helping me secure this berth when I arrived down south. He was the only personnel expert in the Transportation Corps and his simple statement that his assistant had "sound judgement" I'll remember as high compliment.

Evans had the keenest of minds, but he also had hands that had worked pick and shovel--a gamut that touched every class of man on the way. Nobody knew better than he that a good man is hard to find, and a good part of this army will know it too.

Friday, August 25

We paused to re-rig the tow in a seacape as vacuous as the Ancient Mariner's--with one exception. A sea snake, yellow, squat, like a dirty ribbon, basked on the surface. I sent the signalman to tell Fred Treat about it and shortly the oily surface was roiled by gunfire. The beast may have been stunned for after regarding us a while longer he wriggled off into the deptsh, by no means cut in half.

:

Saturday, August 26

I had told Kutt to call me at the evanescent moment when the dawn had made the horizon sharp and yet had not paled the stars.

However, by the time I had got up there, corrected the clock, and broke out the sextant I had to rely on a pretty scanty memory of what the constellations looked like at this hour.

Sirius and Canopus were easy but Achernar, Aldebaran and Capella were a guess--just pin pricks in the morning sky. It was a tolerably good fix, a couple of miles leeway by reason of my rush, but the Old Man, who can't even make a star fix had to make a dig about my "cocked hat" of a few miles. I told him it was a good fix and accurate and our landfall proved it.

Sunday, August 27 (Napier Broome Bay)

I rode and walked this morning through the arid, wide spaced vegetation of these parts, guest of Capt. Myers and Capt. Orr. The clear, dry air and the leg stretch were good for me, though I arrived back at the ship rather tired.

Another vessel was just making fast alongside and Ray Osborne and I went up to the captain's cabin to greet her skipper:

"Red!"

None other than Red Andrews or "Rhode Island Red", an old shipmate of ours [schooner ARGOSY LEMAL-- see April 24]. A good piece of personnel work puts this man in just the right job, out amongst the blacks and the islands where his freebooting tendencies and superb seamanship are used to full value. Red's punchy description of his life up here did not fall gently on our captain's ears and we spent the best part of a good evening in my cabin away from this would be effeteness.

"I laid it on pretty thick when I sized the guy up," as Red put it.

We knocked off beer and a bottle of Burgundy I drew in the sweep--and paid for, trust Capt. Kenny. It was devoted to a good purpose--Red's humor and dialect flowed until a late hour.

Monday, August 28 (Troughton Passage)

On our toes to thread a couple of reefs this morning; I turned out at dawn to take the rapid succession of bearings that helped us safely through.

Then a day of intense interest for me with the course changing constantly and our position depending on a great variety of bearings. We made our way through more than one narrow gut and finally an anchorage between isolated islands.

We sounded in cautiously (Admiralty Gulf) and once the hook was down I sounded the perimeter of our swing from the ship's boat and found we would clear no matter which way she tailed. The book mentioned unfriendly natives so we went ashore tonight with pistols strapped on. Weird basalt rock forms, a crunchy beach of coral, bushes and dry grass--no natives. After scouting until near dark we returned to the beach and then discovered, like Crusoe his Friday, a footprint in the sand.

Darkness came on rapidly and I wondered if our silhouetted shapes would prove a target for shovel-nosed spears before the boat arrived. No, we got back without event.

Tuesday, August 29

The navigation, I thought, would be pretty secure this morning so I started off into an "Esquire" on the cabin settee. I had read perhaps half an hour when Fred Treat came down and said the ship was lost, to come up quick.

I arrived to find Fred vague, not having taken enough bearings, the skipper moaning about what a hell of a situation, and Kutt loudly maintaining that this island was this and that was that.

I tried to orient myself with an island I thought I remembered from last time but no luck. Kutt is pretty slow on bearings so I checked his as quickly as possible and got a fix. He was right. I laid out a new course and she was headed to extricate herself.

It was disturbing though to find a succession of bearings after that not coming in. The chart is small scale and inaccurate and low tide showed far more reefs than when we were last here. I was certain of some landmarks but not of others and we took it cautiously and made anchorage with no trouble and some really excellent maneuvering on the part of the captain.

Wednesday, August 30 (Champagny Isd., between Bonaparte and Buccaneer Archipelagos)

We stretched our legs ashore this afternoon and got down onto mossy boulders at water's edge. An occasional wave broke over these strata but we didn't

mind, being in shorts and sandals and hard bent on eating oysters. With a screwdriver and knife we hammered upon their shells and at best got a morsel the size of a bean out of it. But tasty and for awhile an interesting pursuit. The thought of a good meal waiting on the ship was reassuring, though, and later we agreed that salmon loaf was a much better way to approach this kind of thing.

Thursday, August 31

I was working at the rather tedious project of bringing our charts up to date by reference to the latest Notices to Mariners this afternoon. It occurred to me that the repetitious bearings-and-distances would be good practice for Ray Osborne, the electrician (from Hyannis, Mass.) who wants to become a third mate.

Ray was quite willing and time in the chart room passed much more amiably thereafter. I worked well into the evening with him on another phase of navigation; the establishment of deviation. That was quite a lesson, the theory of mean and apparent time coming into it, longitude into time, the equations of time, etc. About the time we finished Lt. Schongut came aboard to visit me [he was stationed on Champagny Isd. with the Loran station] and we had a yarn about ship and shore well into the night.

Friday, September 1 (discover submerged rock two miles north of Bigge Isd.)

The ship purred through a velvet sea all morning, the pale blue water set with islands of a contrasting ruggedness. I whirled the azimuth prism and took bearings--some came in and some didn't; this place is poorly charted.

I wanted to try a longitude by time shot so I broke out the sextant and went up and down the ladders to my room with a handful of papers and books. The cabin glistened with sunlight--a pleasant kind of workroom.

During the afternoon watch I had the unnerving experience of looking overside and seeing the bottom of the ocean; a yellowish green patch of water ahead turned into a shoal as the ship steamed up to it. I was suspicious and had altered course to pass along the edge of the discoloration; when we were right abreast of it I saw a ground swell form and move across the area. Looking straight down I could see big black rocks scattered over the yellow sand bottom.

I whistled down the voice tube and when the skipper answered I told him I had just seen the rocks on the bottom of the sea. He was up in a trice. I plotted the thing and wrote a statement for the Navy to publish in Notices to Mariners.

We eased into one of our old anchorages tonight (Admiralty Gulf) and it wasn't long before the jolly boat was overside and we were off to the basalt rock formations to hunt oysters. We had well over a hundred pounds in a couple of hours. Next along the rocks to a little beach; an abandoned native "mia mia" or grass shelter at the head of it. There was evidence of fires and small animal bones and burned oyster shells. It gave the outing quite an anthropological turn.

COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA
DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVY
NOTICES TO MARINERS

(Week ending 6th October, 1944.)

Notices Nos. 1019 to 1041

Notices Nos. 1020, 1021, 1022, 1023, 1026, 1032, 1034, 1035, 1036, 1037,
1038, 1041 (issued confidentially).

No. 1028. AUSTRALIA, NORTH WEST COAST
Bigge Island—Existence of rock to northward
Position.—327° distant 2·0 miles from the northern extremity of Bigge island.
Lat. 14° 25' S., long. 125° 09' E. (approx.).
Remark.—The symbol for a rock with less than 6 feet is to be inserted in the
above position.
(Notice No. 1028 of 6/10/1944.)
Charts affected.—B.A. Nos. 1047—475; H.O. Nos. 3419—3416. Publication.—Australia Pilot, Vol. V, 1934, page 161.
Authority.—U.S. Ship. (A.H. 702/1944.)

ONE 12-TO-4 WATCH I LOCKED OVERSIDE AND SAW THE BOTTOM OF THE
OCEAN—THE ROCK WAS DULY REPORTED TO THE NAVY AND CHARTED

Saturday, September 2

The captain has picked up considerably in his navigation, learning from experience as I did during the Malanot era. His assertiveness remains vastly irritating to me, however, springing as it does from very sketchy knowledge. He was dis- coursing on prevailing currents illustrated by arrows on the Australian charts today and I had to point out that the half-feathered arrow he referred to illus- trated flood tide, not current.

He did not know that there was a distinction. In the same way he didn't saavy a fathoms-and-foot sbunding, an observation spot, lunar tidal data, and similar chart information. Yet at any moment he will turn and start lecturing me--invariably with errors and invariably corrected by myself.

Nevertheless, the fact that he has learned gives me my first modicum of respect for the man and if it weren't for the cocksureness and lack of Bristol fashion we would get on moderately well. This afternoon, for example, in the face of three narrow guts traveersed with difficulty (Troughton Passage) we forgot to quarrel and this evening, recapitulating, I sat in his cabin, drinking beer and was soc- iable.

V-Mail to Petaluma, Sept 3, 1944

(Napier Broome Bay)

Dear Dad,

The third mate and I have just completed an epicurean feast and mindful of Pacific coast abalone fishing trips I will put down a few lines about fishing in these parts. Actually at the moment it is oysters that bring us down to the Plimsoll mark; as many as we could eat. The crew brought back a couple of sacks this afternoon in the jolly-boat and while I opened a few dozen on the hatch with a chipping hammer, Fred Treat prepared a tomato juice & horse-radish sauce. We each sat down to a platter full on-the-half-shell and washed them down with good strong Australian beer. Tomorrow the out- board will take us a few hundred yards to the rocky shores of this little bay and we will have all that we can carry away. I have never seen any- thing to touch the variety and quantity of fishing that we have here.

This morning we entered the place on a glassy calm, the ship gliding for- ward at Slow Ahead with a leadsmen taking soundings to find the best water for anchoring. We noticed birds troubling schools of tiny fish, like minnows; as we proceeded further into shoal water we saw that other fish were after the small fry. The water was full of a local type of flounder called "travally" down here; they shimmered under the surface like so many falling leaves. About eighteen inches across and very good eating. The travally were victim again of sharks; we could see four or five black fins in the distance com- ing towards us. On the other side of the ship a big turtle got alarmed at the thrash of our screw and dived out of sight, whereas an irridescent fish with a big V tail kept pace with us right under the bridge. We anchored in five fathoms and hand lines went over all up and down the ship.

One of the greasers always has a lure of some sort trolling over the stern of the ship, but at sea our speed seems to foil the fishing. With one exception, and that is when we close with a reef. The day before yesterday during the afternoon watch I watched a patch of light green water ahead with suspicion; the chart showed deep water but the charts are not dependable in these parts. As we closed with it the greenish color showed yellow and I had the helmsman alter course a few degrees to skirt one edge of the area. It turned out to be a precaution well taken because next thing a ground swell rolled across the patch, definite indication of a shoal. As we passed I could look down and see the rocks on the bottom and these same rocks yielded up a beautiful mackerel for the trolling line. But once again our speed defeated us because as they brought the fish up into the wake of the ship the hook tore out of its mouth--a mouth as big as a bucket according to the laments of Jimmie Boyd.

Yesterday, however, the tide slowed us as we approached a narrow gut (Trought on Passage) flanked by charted reefs this time. The sea boiled through but where the reefs were narrowest a fish struck again and this time our slower pace permitted getting him on board. So king mackerel for breakfast and whether to fish or oyster is the quandary of tomorrow's liberty party.

With love,
Karl

Sunday, September 3

News from Europe reaches us only spasmodically but on this day that marks just five years of war there was an item repeated around the ship. The Germans have announced their intention to abandon the whole of France. They will either fight in Germany or not fight at all from the appearance of the thing. It has taken five years for justice to reassert itself and there was a time when Stalingrad hung in the balance and a hundred days decided the turn of the war.

These were the days when one wondered if right would ever raise its head again.

The other night Schongut and I were appraising presidential chances; we decided Dewey hasn't a hope, but I differed with his opinion that Roosevelt was the lesser of two evils. Certain of the bureaucratic turns and the spending go against my grain, but I think Roosevelt's contribution to history will be that he led his country to war in the nick of time. If the balance was that delicate in the spring of 1942, what tipped it our way? I am inclined to believe America's supplies, Lend-Lease, and a war effort gathering momentum.

It could not have been done without us, just as it could not have been done without Russian stamina, or Britain's holding war. All three factors are irreducible.

Tuesday, September 5

Kutt relieved me at four o'clock and when Eric Peltomaa came up with the

log reading The Russian had a rub for The Finn:

"Your Finland has given up, I see. Now won't they cop it from Stalin!"

Eric shrugged; it has been a long time since he has been home.

"Maybe I go back and get a job as president, now."

I suspect, though, that Eric feels the thing more deeply than he lets on--he is proud of his nationality and has flaunted it as a daring-do sort of thing more than once.

Wednesday, September 6

(Cambridge Gulf)

We made an exact landfall and the skipper and I were proud as punch of the navigation that had done it.

Geof Baskerville and I went ashore and roamed in a stark land of sand, mangroves, red soil and gum trees dead and bleached. It was hot, dry; we did not travel too far on foot but sat in the sand and talked Small Ships personalities, both of us being veterans of a couple of years.

We returned and there was a hectic few minutes in darkness and surf, rocks on either hand, before we reached open water.

Thursday, September 7 (towards Darwin)

I was deeply disturbed by trouble with a celestial shot this morning; I lay the blame on the chronometer. The H.O. 214 method functions so smoothly and unfailingly that it is like having your best friend turn on you when it fails to work. Tonight, sure enough, the time tick showed our chronometer ten seconds off and that is where the trouble came from.

We had mail tonight and Red Andrews invited Ray and myself out to his trawler to kill eight bottles of good and strong beer. A good time and a good thing the tide was there to propel us home instead of the oars.

Friday, September 8

Malanot lingers like a ghost on this ship and it is never more evident than when we strike some of our original Australian soldier passengers and the various dialogues are reenacted.

"Four shackles in the water, Mr. Kutt!"

or simply:

"Bring me one cup of tea, Wolly."

Herzog has a variation:

"How is she leading, Mr. Kutt?"

"Up and down, sor."

"Don't tell me up and down, Mr. Kutt, tell me which way she is leading!"

Red, Fred, Capt. Myers and myself discussed these things during a pleasant evening at the Officer's Club over Abbott's beer tonight.

Saturday, Sept. 9 ,

Alec Kutt attributes the Russian alphabet to Peter the Great. It seems Peter, abroad and shopping around for better things for Russia, ran across the 26 letter European alphabet. He had it cut out of wood to take back home, but when he arrived the twenty six letters had become broken into various pieces in the bag. He assembled the pieces but came out with letters and hence the jumbled looking Russian alphabet.

Monday, September 11

I turned out this morning (after an evening at the Officer's Club with Fred Treat, Red Andrews and others) with something of a dry feeling in the mouth but my conscience at work and work to be done on Monday. I got as far as my port lifeboat and the damaged rudder provided the answer. The morning went to scrounging materials ashore, colonial pine and copper rivets. (Lease-lend. I leased the Aussies cigarettes and they loaned me makings of a rudder.)

During the afternoon I got fairly started on it.

Story idea: Red Andrews, torpedoed, with only the clothes he stood in but a few coins in his pocket arriving in a Florida cay town in a lifeboat. Red, of course, reports to a pub instead of to the Coast Guard and there starts a series of adventures.

Friday, September 15

Went ashore with the skipper this morning about various official functions. Glad to get away from him and walk about in sunshine and self complacency, enjoying life without personal percentages. I can't warm to the guy at all-- my feeling is that if I did he would take advantage of it. Every move he makes reflects self. A wonderful object lesson for me.

A rather frantic docking this afternoon when Scotty put her full ahead instead of full astern. Wires and hawsers stretched, hummed, and were cast adrift. We circled and made it again. I charted courses when once we were alongside and I believe that some time during the night a trap was laid and the steward caught swapping ship's chickens for personal gin.

Sunday, September 17 (leaving Darwin, towards the Crocodile Islands)

I took my midnight watch for the first time in ten days, and with only wind and sometimes spray, and a howling black night, it was a lonely time. I decided that the dead muzzler was slowing her enough that I would carry on past the one course change for a quarter hour in order to clear an invisible island.

That and a rebuke to Tennessee for not observing the blackout in the fo'c's'le while he made himself a cup of coffee were the only incidents in the four hours.

A sunny morning awoke me after five hours of sleep and I went up on the bridge and got busy with the sextant. I made preparations for the noon position most carefully and though they did not agree with Kenny's observations the noon latitude clinched it.

A few hours later our landfall confirmed my sights and with the sun slanting low we worked up an estuary lined with mangroves and roiled with mud banks. I was well satisfied with every phase of the navigation on this run and only an amateurish anchoring tonight spoiled it.

I suggested an anchorage, Kenny anchored inshore of it, found himself in shoal water, and finally skulked out to my spot with the anchor dragging behind him. I walked to a corner of the bridge and gazed at the bank while all hands stared up at the man responsible for this disgraceful show.

The dugong

Letter to my mother from LORIN-
NA anchored at Thursday Island
(off Cape York, the northermost
tip of Australia).

You will recall conjecture about the dugong one evening at Western Avenue almost twenty years ago; it cropped up when you were reading us Jules Verne at bedtime. There wasn't too much of a controversy as I remember because the National Geographic "Book of Animals" sent out to California by Uncle Max offered an illustration of the manatee, a close cousin to this other sea beast. A warm blooded animal, lethargic and herbivorous . . well, I have crossed the trail again so I will tell you about it.

We were at anchor in a remote sound (harbor, Thursday Island) one evening and instead of looking amongst ourselves for a way to pass the last hours of the day, there was reason to lean on the rail, watching. A sailing lugger was beating up to the anchorage and her postures against the sunset were beautiful to see. Those of us with sail experience were enthusiastic and we dinned into the ship's engineers in particular this glorious life. The lugger was well handled but she was working into a strong ebb tide and it became plain that she would make little progress when the sun took the wind with it.

A long tack took her to the far shore and then she came about and stood right for us. Close enough to see the blacks at their stations and a stir of activity on her decks as she approached. The big chap at the tiller squeezed her up into the wind and she crossed our bows, just clear of the anchor cable. The sheets were let fly, she luffed up and came to a standstill. We watched a dinghy slipped over her lee rail and the

one white man aboard came towards us, rowed by one of his boys, and bringing what appeared to be a large fish.

He turned out to be a warrant officer and as I helped him aboard he explained his difficulty. His crew, for all their skill, couldn't make way against the tide and he would like to use our signal equipment to send for a motor launch. They had been out dugong fishing because the garrison was entertaining General ---- and these parts could think of no better fresh fare for his state dinner. They had speared a 350 pounder and wanted to make port with him before much more time had gone by.

I took the warrant officer to the bridge and when he had finished with his message he turned and asked if I liked dugong myself. He had brought a piece with him and if our steward wanted to take it in hand we would have a bonzer meal out of it. I thanked him and he had Jacky pass up what I had taken for a fish, a cross section of dugong complete with pigskin outer finish, an inch of white blubber and three inches of red flesh for its whole length inside. I turned it over to the chief steward and watched the dinghy row off in darkness to where the lugger was waiting.

Next day we had dugong for dinner and very good, too, although I wished I had not forgotten to pass along the important direction about pounding it before cooking. A taste similar to pork and the texture of beefsteak.

The circumstances are not apt to repeat themselves and I doubt if I ever eat dugong again. My shipmates say why bother as long as the pork in the ice box holds out, but, after all, the associations with "Mysterious Island" were as much flavoring for me as pepper, salt and Worcestershire sauce.

With love,

Karl

Tuesday, Sept. 19

Old Eric Peltomaa, the Finn, was about to turn to on the poop this afternoon when the young checker champion of that end of the ship challenged him to a game. Eric reckoned that he hadn't played in a good many years, that he didn't have much time, but that he would have just one quick game.

He threw his leg over the army cot and went at it in earnest. Soldiers and sailors gathered to watch the scrimmage. I watched from the lifeboat where I was working and saw youth get the quickest, most scientific trouncing yet,

Eric rose, said he'd play again at five o'clock. The sailors gloated, the soldiers made excuses.

Finally Archy, the ex-soldier A.B. explained it away:

"Them Finns, they all play checkers. Ever see a Finn didn't play checkers?"

Thursday, Sept 21

Millingimbi (Crocodile Islands)

A quiet day on board the ship, given to animosity toward the skipper by four of us. Feeling slighted because he imagined that when he hailed the jollyboat from the beach last night he was disregarded, Kenny acted along the lines of Aesop's dog in the manger. He "thought" he might need the boat today, but actually it hung in the davits from dawn to dark and the boat he used was one of the shore launches. It screamed of pettiness, the more so because his own dinghy and outboard were in the water all day long, in constant use between ship and shore.

For the first time the man was freely cursed for a bastard and Red Andrew's summation about has it:

"The man's eyes are too close together for my liking."

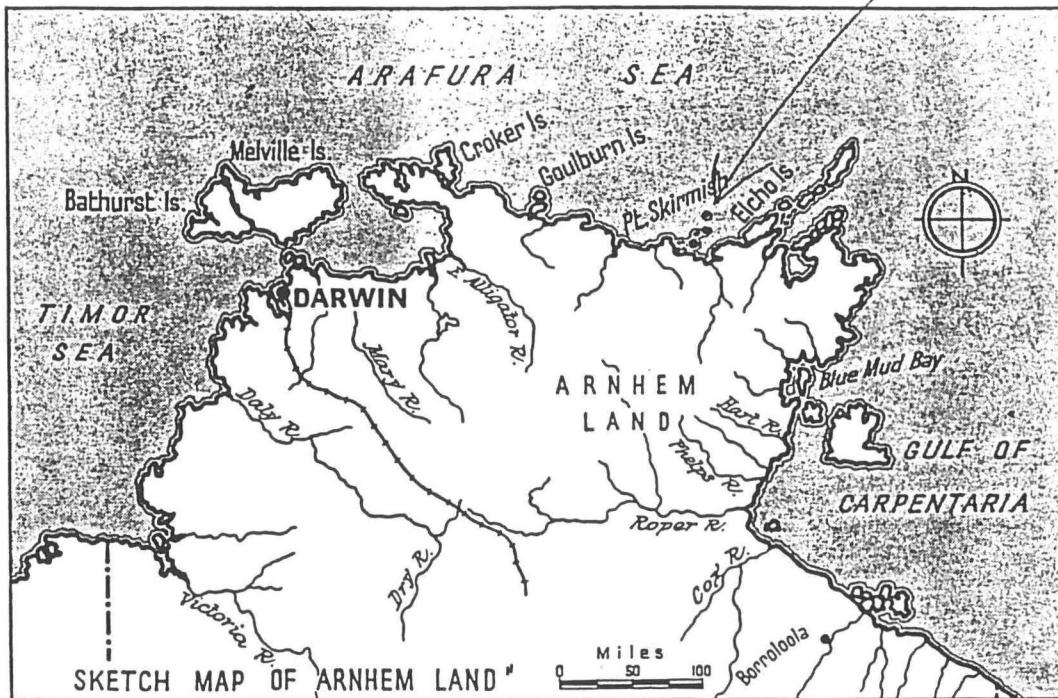
We postponed our fishing trip until tomorrow, giving the man one more chance.

Friday, Sept. 22

Kenny managed to prevent Ray from joining our fishing party, but he couldn't pull his boat stunt twice so about eight o'clock we shoved off. About five miles of open bay and then up a river for about seven or eight. Ducks circled in throngs overhead and when the river forked and then forked again we entered a virtual aviary. Tree-ducks lumbered out of the foliage in heavy flight; others perched in dead trees and watched us pass. Loons plumped out of branches and into the stream like so many falling bricks. Black cormorants herons, ibis took to flight around us and over us. The birds that didn't bother to fly watched us stolidly from the sides of the creek, like the work of a busy taxidermist. . . We fished and in four strikes caught four species and a few after that.

The Crocodile Islands,
Millingimbi

Darwin



Monday, Sept. 25 (Millingimbi towards Darwin)

I spent the day in my capacity of adviser to the captain on matters navigational, laying out courses, securing the noon fix, and making a star fix at twilight that proved we had taken a dangerous set inshore.* The man gets complete cooperation from me except when he swings into one of his "Now, let me show you . ." diatribes. Then I balk, grow insolent and argumentative. He has nothing to show me. Opinions, certainly; I'll listen at any time, but I'll not be lectured by a less able navigator than myself.

Tuesday, Sept. 26 (towards Darwin, rounding Cape Croker)

The twelve to four was a sleepy watch, the skipper restless and on the bridge. Last night when I entered my star fix on the chart we found ourselves a good eight miles inside of the course and the discovery that a course could be that wrong unnerved him. He altered course abruptly to get out of it.

A good thing because I had been in my bunk a couple of hours when the signalman came down and called me.

"What's wrong, Merv?"

"The skipper doesn't know where we are."

I arrived on the bridge to find land ahead, astern, and on the port side. We were embayed and again miles inside the course, perhaps ten or twelve. A dangerous situation. (We had evacuated an Australian airfield at Millingimbi and our cargo was empty gasoline drums and 2,000 lb. bombs, poorly Dunnaged. Fumes from the drums are always a possibility and it made a dangerous mix if we struck a reef and there was a resultant spark from the metal striking together). We established her position with cross bearings and worked out**, alongside a reef.

Kutt had an answer for it: "It's cutting down the speed. The tide swept us in here."

Three times during the night the captain had cut down speed; my suggestion had been to hold speed and in the absence of exact knowledge as to our position, shape a course further offshore. But I had actually seen no harm in reducing speed at the time, though I realize it now in these waters.

I stayed in my bunk till noon, took the afternoon watch in familiar waters and at night we anchored, safe enough actually, but an indication of the difference between this man's caliber and that of Malanot.

*The Arafura Sea is a shoal ocean with thirty foot tides that can easily set a vessel sideways.

**We were among the Oxley Islands, just east of Cape Croker--we should have been outside both the islands and the cape, rounding them on our way to Darwin.

Friday, Sept. 29

Small event today except work and a quarrel with Kutt, done and finished in half an hour.

I had outfitted a special ringbuoy with an electric water light and had Eric build a bracket for it on the railing aft. I planned it as a handy buoy for a specific purpose and in order to give it an emergency importance I had a sign writer this morning paint "Man Overboard Buoy" on it. Alex objected as a matter of course: "Forty years at sea and I never see anything like that."

"Maybe you didn't, but I want them to grab that buoy first because it's the best equipped for the job."

"They will laugh at us."

We had quite a squabble, but Alex's face toward the world is a grin, a laugh, and cheerfulness--and he soon got back to it. An hour later he was inscrutable once more behind this amiable mask of his and we were working out the details of flare distribution in the liferafts.

Sunday, Oct. 1

I was as delighted as my sleepiness permitted about midnight when I took the deck and found a brilliant moon lighting the sea. We were shaping a course that I had laid out yesterday afternoon as prudent and safe, and I was anxious to find that we were nowhere inside of it.

I had the lookout stand his watch alongside of me on monkey island while I took observations and ducked in and out of the chart hood. By the time the watch was finished I had two indisputable fixes and I turned in at four, indicating to Alex that he should show them to the skipper and let me sleep through morning twilight.

I came on deck in the forenoon to find that ^{we} were running behind schedule; that the skipper had taken a star fix of his own, changed course on the strength of it and so, foolishly, had found himself too far up the coast when we made our landfall. I say foolishly because the man trusted only two stars and his own faulty methods.

Shortly after noon we scraped over bottom (off Port Keats [Cape Hay])--not entirely his fault except that we were a bit inside of the course.

Monday, Oct 2

Again I was able to spend the otherwise long four hours from midnight to four establishing our position with Aldebaran, Sirius, Canopus, Achernar and Altair.

It was a warm, windy night with clouds on the move out of the northwest. The monsoon is with us; a week ago I noticed the ensign fluttering away from

its first breath and pointed it out to our temporary signalman. For him it means rain shortly, months of it and months of mud.

Again I turned in at four and thanks to a full moon had no reason to be called at dawn. But by mid-morning Fred was down saying that I was wanted on the bridge:

"He's lost again."

About the time I get up there under these circumstances, Old Eagle Eye Kutt has usually found a landmark with his "bottles." (A less than full-power set of binoculars). And so it was this time. The skipper had been zigzagging about in his usual haphazard manner with none of the course changes plotted on the chart.

I don't know whether these maneuvers exhausted him or not, but from noon on he sat in the chair and I had the pleasure of bringing her into port in fact and on paper as it should be done.

Twice he tried to find me in error: once with a fix that turned out to be wrong, once by pouncing on a course I laid down, saying that I had not noticed that my base line was a magnetic instead of a true meridian.

"I used magnetic, captain."

Wednesday, Oct. 4

Alex Kutt asked after my health and said that he was surprised to have seen so little of me about the decks lately. I found him in the paint locker. I answered that I had made a couple of rounds of the ship but couldn't find much to do; any suggestions?

The port running light had to be loosened on its bracket, so I spent an hour or so on that with levers and slings. I was glad to have something to do, an uneventful anchorage.

Thursday, Oct 5

I got Fred to help bring charts up to date in respect of Notices to Mariners, and Alex discovering Fred at work was amused. The Southern Californian's usefulness is far better suited to promotion activities for the ship in port.

I didn't care to strain the situation too far, so I finished off the charts myself in the afternoon and let it go at that. Fred consumed detective stories in his bunk.

Sunday, October 8 (homeward bound across the Arafura Sea)

We dropped the land and the skipper left the bridge with general instructions to find where we were and shape a course. I had prepared a position line an hour ahead of apparent noon and I advanced it now and crossed it with the latitude. It put us south of our supposed position so I carried on another half hour and then laid out a new course.

At two minutes after five I worked out that the sun would be on the prime vertical and so took a position line for speed. That I carried ahead again for the evening star fix and when Rigel Kentaurus and Antares showed us to be right where we should be I went to bed.

Monday, October 9

We worked in and out of a narrow corner and on the out I told Kenny I didn't think much of a course he was steering, too much allowance for leeway. He was stubborn and revised it only the least bit. I proved my point with the evening star fix which showed us three miles outside of our course. These events carry forward into--

Tuesday, October 10

When I stood the twelve to four watch and when the moon sharply defined a bit of the horizon I took an observation for speed and latitude on Betelgeaux. Then I turned in to be called at dawn for the morning twilight sights.

This was by my own suggestion seeing that the captain spoiled them yesterday. I had to work too fast, though, because the skies were paling and I was careless apparently. I got only one position line and I had to carry Betelgeaux ahead for three hours. This was a good fix for latitude, but only an indication of longitude. I pointed out as much to the skipper.

"So yours didn't come out either?" he asked triumphantly.

"Certainly it came out but it's not what it could be east and west."

I waited an hour or so for the sun to attain a sufficient angle and then obtained a capital fix. Satisfied, I left the bridge and in the middle of the morning they made a landfall just where my course indicated. But the captain was so infuriated now by my complacency and his utter failure that he erased my fix from the chart. When I arrived on the bridge I plotted it right back in . .

Three mates . . and a skipper

From a letter to Maxine, October 8

We are a team, as Malanot used to put it; his last admonition (when going on leave) was to keep it that way. By a nice division of responsibilities the spheres of the three mates do not overlap and off the bridge we call each other by the first name and are friends.

Alex, the chief mate, knows no navigation but in the tangible realm of cargo handling he is an all day and all night demon. I am not particularly interested in cargo so I leave it to Alex. He, in turn, takes an azimuth of the sun at dawn and notes his reading and his time on a piece of paper. I arrive on the bridge for my watch and do his computations for him. Fred Treat, who shines in neither cargo handling or navigation, comes into his own in port. His personality is that of an expeditor and off he goes ashore to slash through the army red tape and win for the LORINNA. Alex and I order anything from a pocket comb and Fred gets it.

We laugh at the New Guinea days when he was in the pool and I was in the office. I was certain that Fred was a rogue and he in turn called me the unmentionable from Petaluma, his rancor fanned, I suppose, by the watershed of Tehatchapi. Californians from different ends of the state.

I have come to believe that there are no complete villains in the ordinary walks of life; at the worst faulty characters. We've got one for a skipper.

With an effort I keep myself from any more active emotion than dislike and when I can convert that into disgust from time to time I am the happier. It should be indifference, I know. What motivation has this sour apple? (Wigsten used to say that there has to be one in every crew.)

Self! It is an interesting phenomenon to watch--the agility with which this man converts each event in the busy world into radii aimed at a center, a hub, himself. Then, with this geometry carried out, to see what a ragged constellation develops . . . how few the satellites, how rapidly each new addition realizes there is no magnetism and falls away. I consider it a small triumph, one of which I was incapable a year or two ago, that this man throws no shadow on this happy life whatsoever. Just a curiosity.

Because he scarcely knows one star from another and is not too sure of the sun what I have troubled to learn becomes useful to him. He tries flattery. But I have no mind to be a spoke in that wheel and so practice my navigation on a take-it-or-leave-it basis. There's where I say we are and there is the course I recommend. Nine times out of ten he takes it.

"Mr. Kortum, don't you ever say 'sir'?"

"Yes, when a ship is run with a certain "style" I am only too glad to say 'sir'!"

"Any other captain would have the second mate thrown off the bridge for talking that way."

"I know it."

Then, perhaps, down to listen to Fred's clarinet, or kid the electrician about forsaking Cape Cod forever and ever in favor of these sunny climes.

Any attrition between the chief mate and myself is the inevitable rub between youth and age. That is a factor I have to watch, being set down amidst a body of older men. In Alex's case I try hard to keep it at a minimum because I admire the philosophy distilled out of a hard life by the Russian. The bread that he casts on the waters is cheerfulness, chuckles and laughter and of course that's what he gets back. Can this unceasing amiability be criticized as a mask? Surely the world isn't all beer and skittles and no one knows it better than Alex with the Revolution and various harsh fo'c'sles behind him. I think not--it is not a mask but a reaction to life, just as genuine as a series of grumbles and certainly better to have around.

October, 1944 . . . Townsville, Queensland

So the week went by. . . . Leisurely for us, for a change, but echoing with an event that changes the face of the Pacific War. Mac Arthur has invaded the Phillipines and toward the end of our stay here we had word of a greater Naval Battle than Jutland. Some fifty odd Japanese fighting ships destroyed, many of them ships of the largest classes.

With a paper telling of it in my hand I boarded, with Fred and Geof, a train one night. The first of three grimy, unshaven days that saw us sleeping in a virtual luggage rack at night, gazing on a sprawling landscape in all drowsiness by day. We gobbled fruit and sandwiches, enjoyed a wfy camaderie. Fred flirted with the girls; Geof specialized in quick dashes to the railway lunch rooms. We were soldiers and sailors, civilians and all, a couple of Italian officers, prisoners of war, being among others in the carriage.

For a hundred miles outside of the next big city* there was an area which had enjoyed rain, in contrast to the rest of Australia. Of this green, lovely country side I could not see enough--every few hundred feet opened up more superb vistas. Farmland, with grazing cows and horses.

We nicked out of the carriage at a suburban station in order to avoid tiring officials at the railway station and Fred soon had his local girl friend drive out to pick us up. A cool day, we were in bonza spirits. Margaret found us a rooming house overlooking the town--and we bathed and shaved and drank *a bottle of whisky. Fred left us with M. but Geof and I enjoyed the bachelor comfort of a stroll into town and a good dinner at the officer's club.

We spent a couple of days here before pushing on, finalizing details with the of-

fice, preparing our uniforms for wear, enjoying civilization proper for the first time in many months. I had dinner with Captain Strider one evening and next morning we boarded the southbound rattler. The country side started off in greeness, ended in bush fires lighting the night sky. We were journeying along the edge of a drought stricken area, the worst rain failure in the history of the state.

After a night in the train we crossed the system of rivers that heralds Sydney and came rolling in the grand old town in the early morning.

We concentrated first on securing a flat and largely by reason of having the cosmopolitan Fred with us we secured what we wanted in the face of the housing shortage. We pay at the rate of \$180 a month for a spacious apartment, in part occupied by Ann Craven, the well groomed proprietress of an antique shop down town. There is a maid, breakfasts, tennis court, swimming pool, and general air of luxury. A balcony overhangs Double Bay, an air force navigator and a young Dutch engineer and his wife are the other occupants. We form a cheerful family--Coromandel becomes a home and with Ann's gifted cooking, wry old Mrs. Hadley serving, the potpourri of sophisticated neighbors, a sufficiency of liquor, and "Do You Call That a Buddy" on the phonograph this becomes a well rounded leave.

That is the scene, the events are an amiable sequence. The first day I learned of my new berth--second mate with Captain Malanot in a "laker" of two and a half times the "Lorinna" tonnage. This thrashed out over dinner with Jimmy Colston (coming away as third) his wife, and Captain Malanot. The old boy was in great form and we were genuinely glad to see each other. There was

Brisbane

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